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JOHN RUSKIN AT HOME.

By M. H. Spielmann, Editor of the "Magazine of Art."

RANTWOOD, the chosen lake-side home of John Ruskin during the last quarter century of his life, occupies one of the most favored spots in all England. Situated on the border line of Lancashire and Cumberland in the Lake district, it overlooks the smallest of the waters in that "Lake Country" with which the names of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Lloyd, and Wilson are indelibly connected. It is, in fact, the home of the Lake poets, of whom the Rev. H. Townsend so deliciously wrote:

"They lived in the lakes—an appropriate quarter
For poems diluted with plenty of water."

When last I was on a visit to Brantwood, I had for a time as fellow-guests the grandson of Wordsworth (so like him, too, in features), and the great-grandson of Romney the painter.

Set in the background of a half-encircling wood of exquisite grace and mystic beauty, as seen in the green half-light of its tranquil shade, Brantwood is protected from the east winds by the open, rising moorland that stretches far to the rear, and faces a long slope of lawn that sweeps down to Coniston Water's edge. Behind, the green and purple moor; the water of its overflowing wells runs swiftly down the rocks with all the fuss of a real cascade; and the exalted rock of "Naboth" rises just beyond the borders of the estate—a sort of natural pulpit which is rented by Ruskin, so that from its greater height, which he loves to climb, he may gaze upon the wider view. In front, the narrow lake, sparkling in the sun, and blue as the waters of the Rhone or of Thun. Then the rising banks beyond, of broken green, with white-faced houses blinking behind the trees, and the gray village of Coniston nestling away to the right, close down by the head of the lake. And beyond, the "Old Man" (*maen*, a rock) himself towers above the smaller hills that rise close about his knees.

On such a view, with its range of hills draped in hanging clouds and wreathing mists, or clear-cut against the summer sky, Ruskin loves to stand and gaze many times a day, never tiring of the ever-changing scene, and deriving comfort in that it reminds him of his beloved Alps—those Alps which he has studied so deeply and so long, whose peaks and precipices he has

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THE "OLD MAN" OF CONISTON, FROM THE WINDOWS OF RUSKIN'S STUDY.

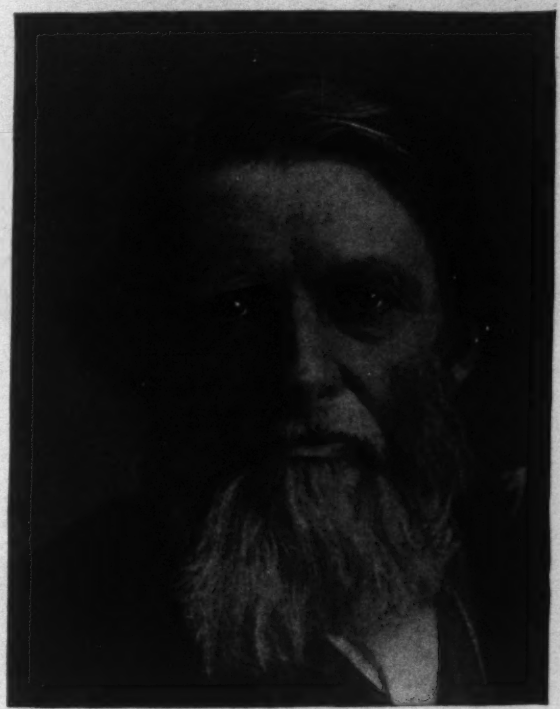
drawn so many scores of times, and on whose glaciers and geological formation he has written so profoundly and so well, but whose sides he will never climb again, and whose ranges he never more will scan. For very many years he has kept note in his diary of the daily weather, and sketched in color the more interesting aspects of the sky. When he was delivering his lecture a few years ago, at the London Institution, on "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," and was pointing to the painted diagrams of phenomenal sunsets, he broke off, in his quaint colloquial way, to explain, "I always keep my skies bottled—like my father's sherries." And so it was that on my first visit to Brantwood, now ten years or so ago, one of his first remarks was to hope that it would soon clear, that I might be able to enjoy the view; and many a visitor will testify to the professor's matutinal knock at his bedroom door, followed by the cheerfully anxious inquiry: "Are you looking out?"

As I recall my first welcome, I recall too the face and figure of the man who tendered it. But it was the manner that first attracted and arrested attention. In no other man have I seen sweetness, gentleness, genial frankness, and sympathetic cordiality so perfectly allied with virility and activity of mind. His look inspired confidence, just as his hand-grip awoke friendship—a magic quality, it has often been remarked, that he shares in equal degree with his political *bête noire*, Mr. Gladstone. His smile is sweet and tender, and his whole bearing instinct with kindness, courtesy, and good-fellowship. But it is his eyes that pin you—bright, clear, frank blue eyes that look you through and through, and make you wonder—eyes so pure and truthful that they seem to disarm at once all disingenuousness, but keenly intelligent, notwithstanding, and full of fun; the eyes, in short, that the novelists tell us "dance" upon occasion. Their strong blue—of the intensity of an Italian sky—for all that in these latest years they are to be seen through the screen of the bushy, overhanging eyebrows, is echoed in the satin stock-tie, of the same hue which he has worn for half a century or more.

There he stands, erect though bent; for the chronic stoop, the result of a feeble spine in early manhood, hardly prevents him from holding himself upright, though it has reduced his height from that of a tall to that of a medium-sized man, and set his head well down between his shoulders. More often than not he wears a dark blue frock-coat, and trousers and double-breasted waistcoat of good homespun tweed, woven by his own St. George's Guild—a manufacture which has taken firm root in England among the village industries, but which has not exactly flooded the market, because the quality is (to the trade) so exasperatingly good that the linens and cloths will not wear out. But although through the slightness of his build his weight is

reduced to little if any more than ten stone of humanity, such is the brilliancy of his conversation—or, on occasion, may be, the polite significance of his "brilliant flashes of silence"—that nothing remains in the memory of his friends but a commanding, magnetic personality whose merry smile and sympathetic gaze have removed all sense of size or of comparative diminutiveness.

Thus he is when he is the host: his ample iron-gray locks, long and silky, combed back, but falling rebelliously about his temples; and his beard, well-trimmed for a time after he began to grow it in 1881, but now long and patriarchal, dropping within his waistcoat, or, when he is in bed, picturesquely flowing down the dressing-gown in a stately sweep. It was that beard, by the way, which he admits, with his charmingly confessed tenderness about his appearance, he thought made him look "the least bit nice;" but which, he declared, made him "come out like an ourang-outang" in his photographs. And nothing could be more vivacious than his conversation, partly through his enormous range of information and experience, partly through his command of language and expression, and partly, too, through his keen and rapid intelligence and striking originality of thought; so that I have often noticed how impossible it is to tell—unless he chose to let you know—whether he was giving you his first hasty impression of the subject under discussion, or whether that was his firm opinion, formed long ago, and petrified by time. His sentences—need I say?—are fluent in the highest degree, but saved from being mellifluous by a certain Carlylean ruggedness or occasional archaism, which together form that delightful compound known by the world as Ruskinese. A slight intonation in the voice, an inability to pronounce the letter "r" otherwise than as a guttural, strike one at first as strongly individual; but the sensation is soon lost in listening to the words, which in point of choice and handling—especially in respect to the humor that Ruskin has a strange genius for twisting out of them—and in point of range of vocabulary, excite the surprise and admiration of the listener, and puzzle him to determine by what he is most dazzled, the words, or the ideas which they clothe. But touch upon a tender subject, and you will find the Ruskin militant flare out at once, just as it did in his younger years when he turned upon the yapping critics at his heels, and emptied upon them the vials of his wrath and scathing invective, which have few, if any, parallels in the language.

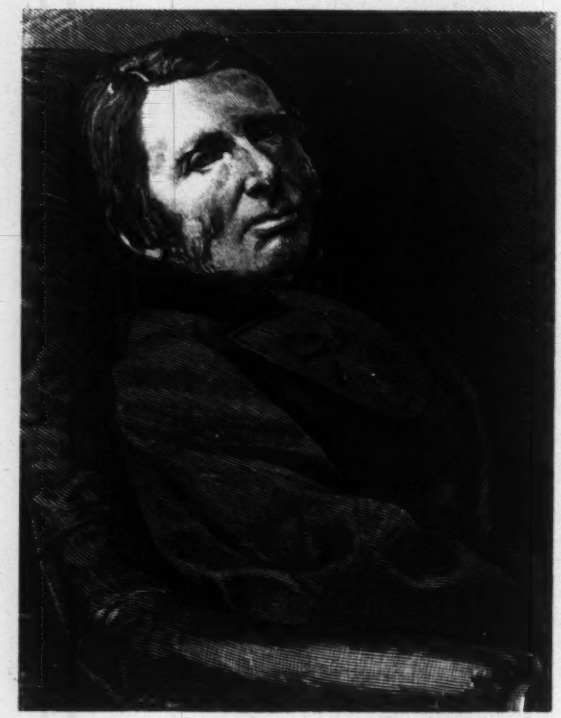


JOHN RUSKIN. FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON.

Some years ago it was proposed to construct a railway to Ambleside, just beyond the watershed behind Coniston, at the head of Windermere Lake. Now, although Mr. Ruskin bears no ill-will to trunk lines, accepting them as neces-

sary evils, he does not hesitate to use all his "best bad language" and most withering sarcasm, which Mr. Swinburne himself might envy, when he declaims against those landscape destroying companies that are founded not for the public good, but to satisfy the cupidity of speculative shareholders. I happened to touch once upon that happily ill-fated scheme, when Mr. Ruskin burst out:

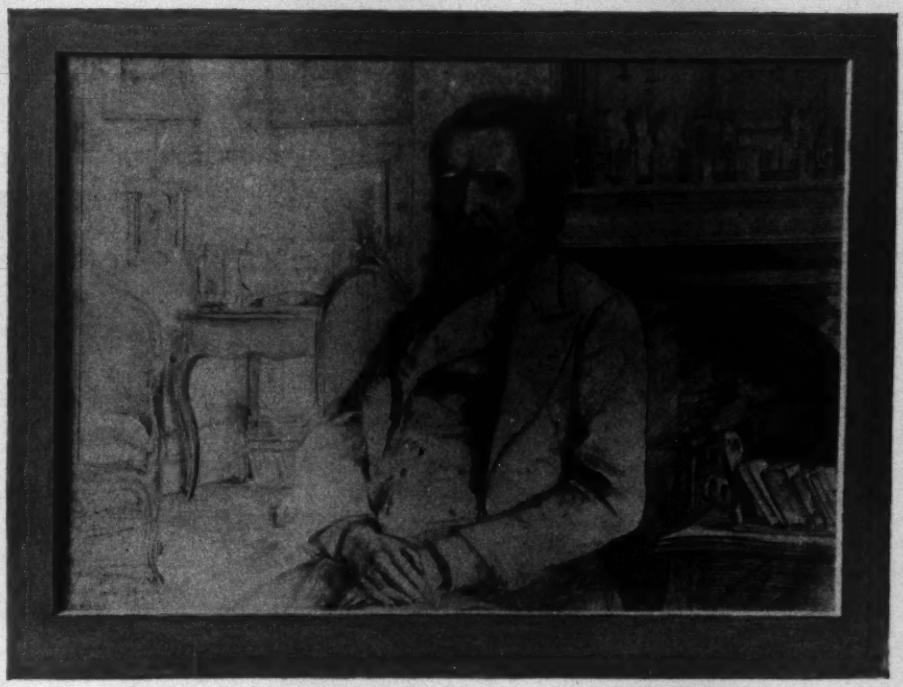
"Whenever I think of it I get so angry that I begin to fear an attack of apoplexy. There is no hope for Ambleside! The place is sure to be ruined beyond all that people imagine. It is no use my writing to the London papers on the matter, merely because it centres in the question, Have they money enough to fight it in the House of Commons? It does not matter what anybody says, if the damaging party can pay expenses. But it is no use attacking them; you might as well expect mercy from a money-lender as expect them to listen to reason." Then he broke off short, with an effort, and I think we both were surprised at his unexpected moderation.



ENGRAVED BY PETERSON FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH.

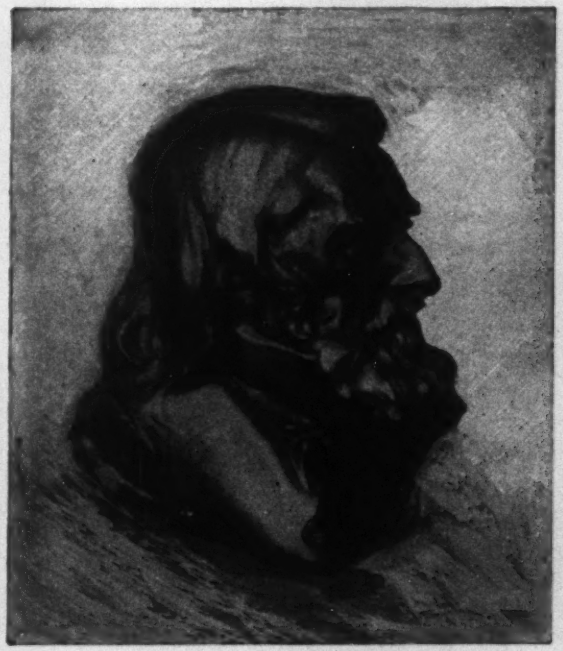
Hardly less does he dislike the modern fashion of cycling, so formally blessed by Prince Bismarck and canonized by Mr. Gladstone; nor could he find words too strong to pronounce "in reprobation of bi-tri-4-5-6 or 7-cycles, and any other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap, and to dance are the virtues of the human body; and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels, nor dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind with the human body will ever supersede God's appointed ways of slow walking and hard working."

Mr. Ruskin, be it remembered, is a famous pedestrian, and even now, at the time I write, he takes his two long walks a day, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Arthur Severn, —his "beloved Joanna," cousin and adopted daughter, who married the son of "Keats's Severn,"—or attended by his valet. It is nearly ten years since he told me he could climb the hills no longer; but for all that he even now delights in making the ascent of the moor behind, though he has given up his former hobby of cutting the brushwood and undergrowth in the rear of the house. His chopper is no longer to be seen in the large hall, in its familiar place upon the table, beside the basket-chair that Darwin loved to use during his visits to Brantwood. But he may often be met walking along the road that skirts the lake in its six miles of length. His progress is slow, and he puts his stout stick to good purpose as a support, now stopping to



JOHN RUSKIN. FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN, RETOUCHED BY RUSKIN HIMSELF. (THIS REPRODUCTION FROM THE ORIGINAL IS MADE BY PERMISSION OF THE "LONDON GRAPHIC.")

look at the sky, or peering into the hedgerows, or watching the flight of birds. As he moves lightly onward with his long stride, he returns with a friendly smile the salutations of the laborers as they pass. With them the professor is a great favorite, and "he's a gran' chap, is Maister Rooskin," is a formula about those parts. But it is with the rising generation that Mr. Ruskin is most popular of all. They appreciate him for his known pluck upon the lake, for he has sailed on it in a gale when all others feared the experiment; and he has crossed it on the ice, pushing the boat before him in case of accident, in order to test it before the people would venture on to skate, for the lake is of tremendous depth, and freezes only at intervals of many years, in only the severest frosts known to England. Yet Ruskin once confessed to me that he was in far too great enjoyment of life ever to risk the losing of it—another example of the injustice he often does



JOHN RUSKIN. FROM A BRONZE BUST BY CONRAD DRESSLER.

himself when he turns to examine and analyze his own character. But the chief cause of his popularity with the children is, that he would often turn into the village school, stop the schoolmistress (after having himself learned with the little ones how much seven-and-twenty pounds of bacon are at sevenpence halfpenny a pound, "and many the like marvellous consequences of the laws of numbers"), pull a sovereign out of his pocket, and give the children a delightful object lesson on the subject of the armorial bearings stamped upon it, with the historical significance of the quarterings, and one hundred other interesting particulars besides.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN.

But, as I said before, it is his conversation that is the most remarkable feature in the personality of Mr. Ruskin. It is not that there is anything in it that comes absolutely as a surprise, even to a new acquaintance, for no author in England is more like his books than Ruskin. He is a little more gentle, a good deal more playful, and, I might almost say, vastly more childish and frank than you would expect; but as he raises his clear voice he might almost be speaking an unpublished chapter of his writings. Whatever may be the subject, upon that he has something admirable to say. It may strike you sometimes that the view taken is a little, even very, one-sided; sometimes you will consider it wholly wrong; but there is always something strikingly original in the aspect of it, something sudden, so to speak, in the manner of expression—a wit or humor, if the matter permits it—which is strangely refreshing.

The chief feature of his conversation is its extraordinary versatility. Think for a moment of the subjects upon which this man has written with all the authority of a deep and original thinker—art and art criticism, architecture and construction, morals and ethics, political and "commercial" economy, geology in its wide, and mineralogy in its narrower, sense; birds, meteorology, botany, glacier-movement, theology, biography and autobiography, fairy tales, military tactics, poetry, navigation, education, and most other things besides. He has engineered the water-supply of a town; arranged and catalogued (as the fittest man in the kingdom to be asked) the collection of silicates in the British Museum; catalogued and arranged the thousands of Turner drawings in the National Gallery—that National Gallery which he played so prominent a part by his criticisms in making, for its size, the finest in the world. He has founded the Ruskin school at the Taylorian in Oxford, and endowed the university with an invaluable collection of Turner drawings. He has stocked and endowed his splendid museum of exquisite works of art at Meersbrook Park, choosing Sheffield as the place of all others for its establishment, as its inhabitants, he thought, needed it most. He has devised and settled the St. George's Guild, and, with the help of faithful assistants, placed his village industries on a firm and honest commercial basis. He has boldly defied the book-selling trade of England on the impolitic and ridiculous question of discounts (that threatens, so many of us believe, to undermine the whole system of the book-trade); and, when the book-sellers would not sell his books upon his own terms of commercial ethics, he chaffed them sarcastical-

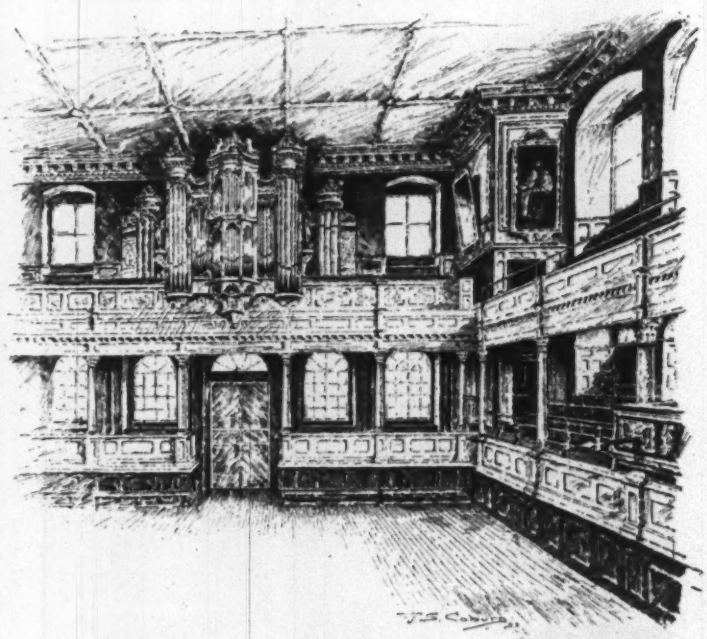
ly on what they might consider their duties to their customers, and quietly became his own publisher, in the name of his trained assistant and engraver, Mr. George Allen.

These things and more are before the world, but little is known of the many subjects upon which he is well informed, and which have never got beyond the mere stage of planning for publication in book form—chess, the dance, crystallography, the Grammar of Ice, a manual of the phenomenology of native gold, silver, and other minerals, and I know not what else besides. It is not surprising, then, that the conversation of this man is interesting and absorbing, seeing that the superficiality of treatment and study which he always held in abhorrence, is entirely foreign to his nature. But one book we might have hoped to have from him—for the subject is too shortly dismissed in "Fors" (the magazine which he conducted for many years)—and that is the "Ethics and Practice of Charity." For therein would have been found one of the weaknesses and strengths of Mr. Ruskin's character—charity and philanthropy, even to the point of Quixotic benevolence and almsgiving. Such a treatise would come well from a man who, with all his shrewdness, has been the victim of his own generosity, if he would but admit it; whose *largesse* and benevolence, active and open-handed, would verily put the Cheeryble brothers to the blush, and who has long since dissipated in benefactions the fortune of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds left to him by his father. Artist, man of letters, economist, scientist, poet (in a small, though in his early years a very ambitious, way), philanthropist, preacher, and sage—that is what the name of Ruskin conveys to many of the best intellects of the country: one who has made enough blunders, and who confesses to enough foibles, to render him intensely human, and who has paid for a life of enthusiastic toil, incessant labor, and profound thought, by a life of suffering, and, in these later years, of occasional mental torment, of painful self-searching and varying religious doubt. For Ruskin was brought up on the strictest lines of evangelism by his devoted mother, a Scottish lady to whom Puritanism must assuredly have meant something more flighty than she quite

THE RUSKIN SCHOOL AT THE TAYLORIAN, OXFORD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAUNT & CO., OXFORD.

approved. By this lady, the loadstar of his youth and the idol of his filial adoration in his matured age, Ruskin was taught to worship God and hate the devil and all his works. He was brought up in the fear of the Bible, of which he had to commit whole chapters to memory; and it is to this learning by heart of some of the purest and most stately pages in the whole of English literature that Ruskin attributes his unsurpassed command of language, and the originality and splendor of his style. It is not to be denied that by a close analytical study of the works of Byron and Scott, of Hooker and Carlyle—the latter his friend and sympathetic and most encouraging admirer—Ruskin polished his style and established himself, as Mr. Justice Pearson said, as the greatest and most brilliant writer of English after Jeremy Taylor. But it is to the Bible and its study that the simple beauty of his declamation and his forcefulness of expression are primarily indebted. Thus in his youth his mind was dominated by the Scriptures in their more literal severity; and while his father foresaw in him a poet of renown, his mother held him marked for a bishop. But his independent power of thought and reasoning forced him, in his sincerity, into a more catholic breadth of view, and, as his life wore on, philosophic doubt was irresistibly borne into it, and so it appears reflected in his books, while for many a long year "Ichabod!" was sadly, though silently, murmured in the house of Ruskin. But it was left to his later age, to the date of his visit to the Italian shrines, to find comfort and a newborn relief of mind in the divine promises of hope and eternity. But what all this doubt and all this thought had cost him, few at the time were aware; how much they were responsible for his repeated attacks of acute brain-fever, none perhaps will ever know.

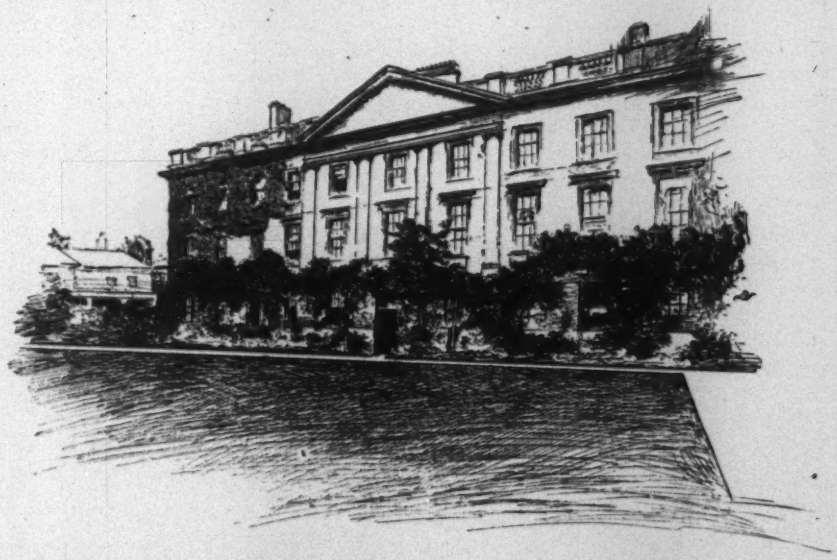
In looking back upon the work of his youth, he does not hide from himself the barrier he has raised against himself by his very sincerity; for to that quality, the key-stone to his whole character, are due these developments of his mind and consequent changes of view—a change, or rather growth, as he has explained with force, which is "that of a tree, not that of a cloud." He knows that his system of æsthetics is sneered at by the younger school, but he is content to let the opposition flicker out, that truth eventually may stand; just as (and to that I would call special attention) many of his politico-economic theories, which raised such a tremendous storm of universal dissent and scorn at the time when Thackeray published his friend's "Unto This Last" in the "Cornhill Magazine," have nowadays come to be accepted along with the truths of Plato and of Locke. His self-contradictions are still flung in his



INTERIOR OF THE SHELDONIAN, OXFORD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAUNT & CO., OXFORD.

face, and not without some show of reason, by those who are not acquainted with his work through and through. But, although he knows that his justification is but a matter of time, his life is not without its bitter reflections and regrets. "I have made people go wrong in a hundred ways," he said to me once, "and they have done nothing at all. I am not 'an art teacher;' they have picked up a few things from me; but I find I have been talking too much and doing too little, and so have been unable to form a school; and people have not carried out what I say, because they do not understand it." At another time he deplored that he had given to art the study he might more profitably have devoted to science; and, again, he declared to me that it was one of the greatest chagrins of his life that he had not drawn more—made more of those exquisite water-colors and pencil drawings that are the wonder of all, be they artists or critics, who examine them. And, finally, almost the last thing he said to me during my last visit to Brantwood was: "I have made a great mistake. I have wasted my life with mineralogy, which has led to nothing. Had I devoted myself to birds, their life and plumage, I might have done something worth doing"—the truth being that his mind is of many facets, his sympathies are broad, and his natural ability of an extraordinary range.

Yet, withal, his age is a happy one; for "Di Pa," as he is to the children—Mrs. Severn's children—and "the Coz," as he is to Mrs. Severn, is very much a prophet in his own house and in his own countryside. And he delights in keeping open house, though his habits of life must not be broken into, nor his rule as to non-smoking infringed—until he has retired to bed. So Brantwood is rarely without visitors, young or old, whose brightness or distinction helps to maintain the note of cheerfulness and culture that is characteristic of the place. The master's influence with them all is still as great as it was in the greater world when he persuaded the undergraduates of Oxford to prove their adherence to his principle of the sanctity of manual labor by going as amateur navvies, with pick and spade, to make the Hincksey road. (It is a very bad road, by the way, as it has turned out; but let that pass.) Hincksey is a village close by Oxford; and there are still living those who remember how the country people would gather round, and laugh in amusement,



CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, WHERE PROFESSOR RUSKIN LIVED WHEN AT OXFORD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAUNT & CO., OXFORD. THE SECOND AND THIRD WINDOWS FROM THE RIGHT, ON THE SECOND FLOOR, LOOK FROM RUSKIN'S ROOM.

though not a little in admiration, at the young gentlemen from the university who, at the bidding of their master (who had himself played the crossing-sweeper in his time, just to learn how to handle the broom, with honorable distinction in the muddy streets of London), would ply their unaccustomed tools, and, apparently, turn the social scale upside down. These, and the thousands of other followers of Ruskin throughout the country, are often spoken of as "Ruskinians." But Mr. Ruskin will have none of it.

"Those who call themselves 'Ruskinians' and 'disciples of Ruskin,'" he once said, "are no followers or disciples of mine. For if they have studied and cared for what I have said, they will know that I cannot have disciples, and that my teaching is not 'the teaching of Ruskin,' but the teaching of the eternal laws of truth, which have originated with me no more than the laws of the universe itself."

Never has a man been more methodical in his work than the professor, nor more precise in obedience to the rules he has laid down for his guidance. His working-hours have always been from seven in the morning until noon, and on no account whatever would he exceed the limit. Within those five daily hours has all his work been produced —books, lectures, and business, public and private correspondence. Work in the afternoon has always been by himself forbidden, unless it took the form of reading. His earlier works, of course, were written at Herne or at Denmark Hill, or while on tour on the continent. His later ones have been wrought in great part at the flower-decked table of his study overlooking Coniston Lake.

A wonderful room, that long study of his, with his Turners upon the walls and ranged in racks in the great Turner cabinet upon the floor; with its book-cases of wonderful missals and manuscripts and early black-letter books, and the original manuscripts of a half-dozen of Scott's novels; with its superb Luca della Robbia "Virgin and Child" over the fireplace at one end, and the mineral cabinet at the other. With what pleasure did Ruskin show them to me on my first visit!—the unrivalled collection of agates, and the equally perfect collection of gold ores,

HERNE HILL, THE HOME OF RUSKIN'S CHILDHOOD.

RUSKIN'S OXFORD PUPILS MAKING THE HINCKSEY ROAD "BEAUTIFUL FOREVER." REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH FROM NATURE BY TAUNT & CO., OXFORD.

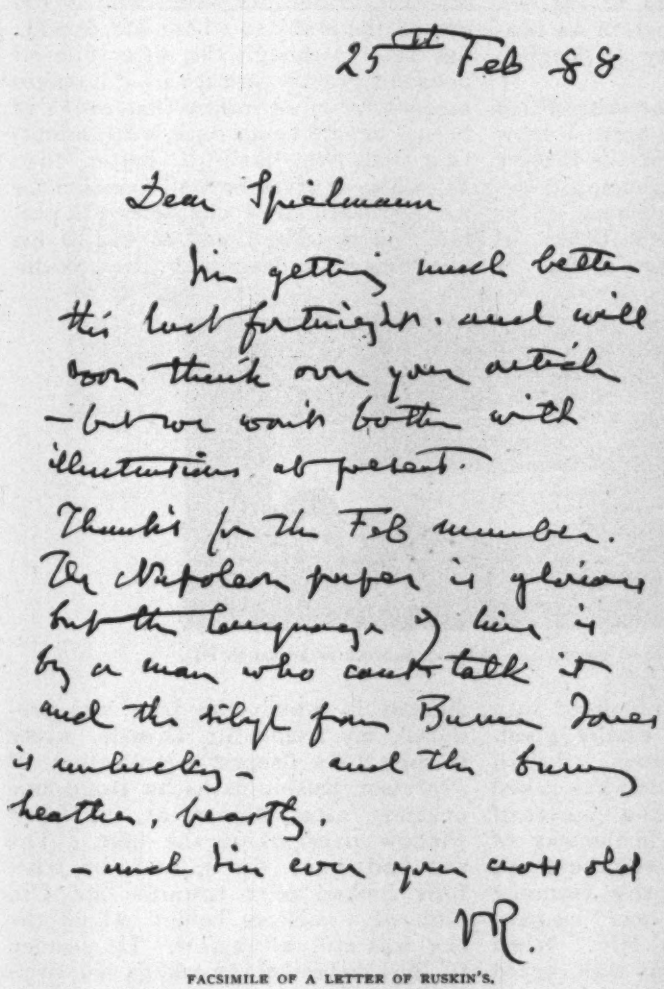
and the rest. And when you have admired them as they deserve, "Yes," says Ruskin, simply, "I'm strong in stones." What a showman he was! The visitor now has the pleasure of finding an admirable substitute in Mrs. Severn, the professor's "Dame Durden," who has helped and cheered, tended and soothed him in his work, his health, and his sickness ever since she came on a visit to her aunt—his mother—close on thirty years ago. But old Mrs. Ruskin could not spare the pretty child when the visit approached its end, and she has stayed on ever since, looking after the master's worldly, spiritual, and physical weal. Nor again at her marriage to Mr. Arthur Severn, R. I., could she be suffered to depart; and Ruskin has seen with delight her family growing up around his knees, and the house has been enlarged and enlarged again to meet the needs of the increasing population of Brantwood.

Until quite lately Mr. Ruskin loved to read Scott and Byron to the family, as when evening drew in they sat around and listened. And he would break off now and again to enlarge upon a text or interpolate a piece of luminous criticism, never so happy as when an enlightening discussion would ensue. But now the readings are discontinued. After dinner, family and visitors meet in the drawing-room; for the professor now dines alone, as conversation is apt to have a distressing effect on his digestion, as the vigor of his mind has outrun the capacity of the liver. Then a cup of coffee and a glass of port are brought to him, while the enlivening conversation proceeds—the noisier the laughter and the jollier the talk, the better

HINCKSEY AT THE PRESENT TIME.

RUSKIN'S STUDY AT BRANTWOOD. FROM A PAINTING BY ALEX MACDONALD, MASTER OF THE RUSKIN DRAWING-SCHOOL AT OXFORD.

and more welcome; or, more often, the chess-board is brought out at once, and the professor plays a couple of games with Mr. Severn or with the visitor: a brilliant game, played with great rapidity and decision of thought. And so the evening wears on, until upon the stroke of half-past ten Mrs. Severn summons "the Coz" to withdraw, escorts him gently from the room to the door of his own little chamber, where his valet is already in attendance.



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF RUSKIN'S.

Into this room—to which Mr. Ruskin removed from the turret-room he used to occupy many years ago—let us peep for just a moment. It is surprisingly small—hardly more than fourteen or sixteen feet square; nor is the floor space very ample when the encroachment of the furniture is deducted. A little table stands before the little window; a little wash-hand-stand and a small wooden bedstead flank the little fireplace; a chest of drawers and a bookcase—the last named the most important item of furniture, containing, too, some wonderful missals, a collection of the works of his well-loved Walter Scott, and other most highly treasured volumes—these line the room. A glass of flowers on the tapestry-bordered mantelpiece, a coal-scuttle of ancient sort, and a chintz-covered chair complete the inventory. But the walls—the walls are the wonder of Brantwood. For they are virtually covered with the finest masterpieces in water-color that ever issued from Turner's brush—drawings worth probably at least a thousand pounds apiece, each exquisite in itself, every one a well-known epoch-marking work, from the earliest, when the great landscape painter was quite a boy, to the last, which in his age he painted to Mr. Ruskin's order. And amongst them, with entirely characteristic taste and reverence, above the fireplace, are a beautiful fruit-piece by William Hunt —"hanging among the rest like a brooch," he will tell you—and a water-color view of a lake and mountain scene by Ruskin's own father. For Mr. Ruskin, senior, the great sherry-merchant, was a man of much cultivation of taste, both artistic and literary; and if his drawings were somewhat stiff, formal in composition, and sad

and ascetic in point of local color, that was owing to the time in which he lived, and to the fashion—the "grand style"—that was evolved by the practice of Turner and Girtin and the great originators of their day. Turner, William Hunt, and Prout—these are the three names which, more than any other, formed Ruskin's early artistic taste and character; and to the end they remain in his estimation as beacons that light the way of English landscape art.

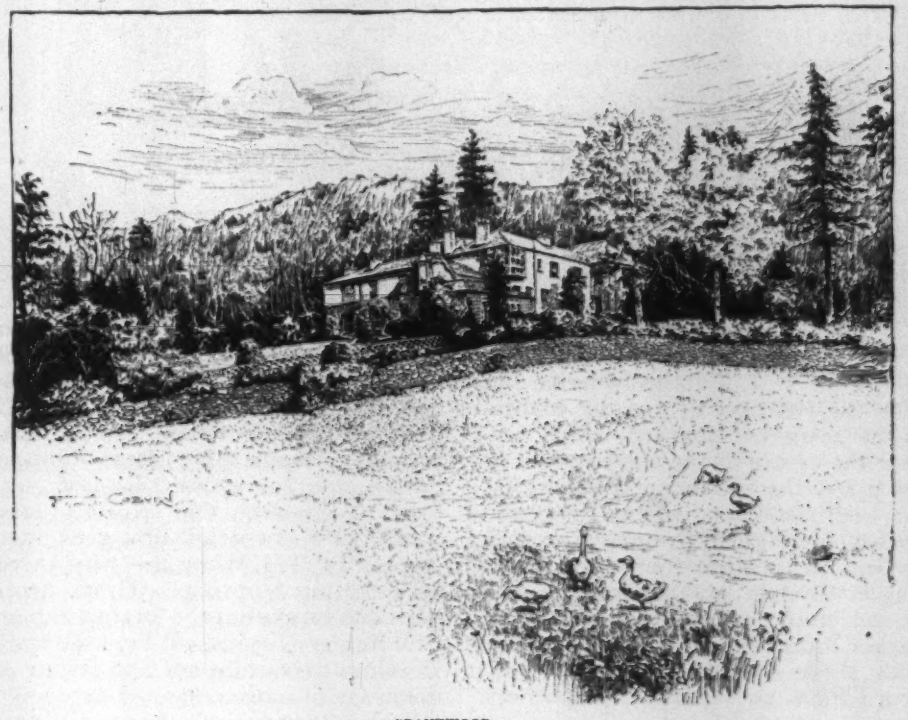
To only two of the portraits which accompany this article need I draw special attention. The first is that by my friend, T. Blake Wirgman, a drawing which I am glad to possess. This likeness was executed on behalf of the "Graphic" newspaper; and to its execution Mr. Ruskin submitted in a manner half grumbling, wholly good-natured, entirely ingenuous. "I always fall asleep," he wrote when asked to sit for the portrait, "in a quarter of an hour; so everything in the way of expression must be got, tell the artist, in ten minutes." After this alarming note, Mr. Wirgman told me, "he gave me a sitting at Denmark Hill. When I asked what his wish was with regard to the view I should take of his face, he, without answering, ran out of the room, and returned with a bedroom looking-glass, saying, 'Get behind me, and you'll see reflected the particular view I wish you to take.' After sitting for two hours, with no pause in the conversation, which was, of course, most interesting and charming, he promised me another sitting, if I should wish it. The next was at Burne-Jones's studio." Then, when the portrait was finished, the professor added some touches himself, especially in the hair and in the eye-brows—which last-named he was always so particular about, as he said, when he "went into society."

The other portrait is by the talented sculptor, Conrad Dressler, who is but one of the many to whom Mr. Ruskin has sat. Although the sitter himself does not greatly care for it—"it makes me look far more frantic than ever I've been," he said to me once, while admitting that he liked it better than Boehm's—it gives beyond question the most truthful and characteristic profile that is to be found in any of his portraits. In describing the circumstances in which the bust was produced, my friend Mr. Dressler wrote to me: "My deepest recollection of Professor Ruskin is as he stood one evening, after dinner, at the open window overlooking the lake. The sun had gone down, and he wistfully looked over towards the Old Man of Coniston, behind which the sky was still all aglow. He seemed to be mentally reviewing his life's work."

TWILIGHT BETWEEN VERONA AND BRESCIA. PAINTED BY RUSKIN IN 1845.

With this picture I would end my sketch. The setting sun has indeed gone down behind the Great Old Man of Coniston, while the sky is all afire with the glow of his burning words and the gold of his splendid deeds. Those who know his life and are acquainted with his work, have seen how he has struggled for truth and right and jus-

tice, gladly impoverishing himself for the sake of the poor and the suffering; seeking with intense and absorbing effort, and with absolute singleness of purpose, to raise the hearts and minds of his race to what is pure and noble; sparing himself neither in body nor mind for the good of his fellow-men. And in all this doing he has, by the very masterfulness of his mind, by love of original research, and, above all, by his passion for what is and what should be right, added more than one man's share to the sum of human knowledge, to the sum of human happiness.



BRANTWOOD.

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

By Walter Savage Landor.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life—
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

TOWN LOT No 1303

By OCTAVE THANET

EVERY breeze that blew waved and inflated and tossed the white flag with the red map of Arcadia addition to the town of Bloward, which hung over the centre of the main street; nor did it any the less flutter and interlace the red ribbons decking four white horses and eight brown, bay, or sorrel horses. The white four drew a band wagon wherein sat the band glorious in red cloth and gold braid; the two darker fours drew similar wagons, filled with those who figure in the rear of processions as "citizens and others." Possibly the "others" are women—at any rate they seemed to be of that sex here. It was a crowd more than good-natured—hilarious. Jokes, having the peculiar twang of Western humor, were bandied about, so that a constant din of laughter blended with the ring of trowels from either side of the street. Turn how one would, he could see brick walls rising.

"The boom's struck Bloward, an' don't you forgit it!" said the president of the Arcadia Street Railway, proudly waving his umbrella at arches, gables, renaissance turrets, early English buttresses, and a motley company of terra cotta bedizenments, friezes, parapets, and finials on the new façades, which looked, amid the cheap wooden shops and dry-goods-box architecture of a former day, as if they had strayed into the town and did not know the way out. "How's that for building?" he cried, lunging his umbrella enthusiastically into the eye of a passer-by. "Beg pardon, ma'am. Oh, Mrs. Crowe! Going out? Oh, plenty of time. Now, there's a woman's made most fifteen thousand dollars in real estate this last year. Jest a woman. Old Rolfe's made thirty, an' Curwin an' Bragg as much again; an' T. J. Wheelan—why, there's no counting *his* profits. Great Scott! you cayn't stake out the lots fast enough. Children cry for 'em. Why, look at the situation—six railroads and strong indications of natural gas. There ain't a question 'bout it; we're bound to double up here inside five years. Going out?"

The man to whom he spoke hesitated. He was a slight, modest-looking man, the youthfulness of whose fresh skin and confiding smile were rather belied by a high brow from which his hat had worn the hair too soon, and a few wrinkles above the bridge of his nose. His neat coat had been deftly rebound with new braid, but a suspicious gloss shone on the sides, and his boots were patched.

"I—I wasn't thinking of it," said he; "my wife is rather expecting me——"

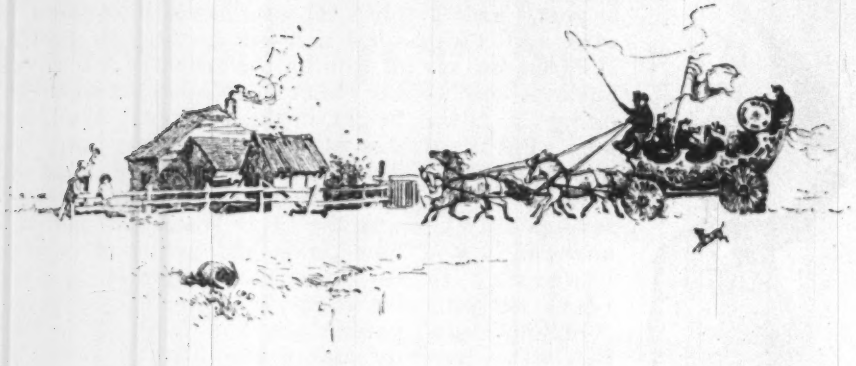
"Supprise with a town lot— Ah, there, you!" The busy man was away amid the crowd, waving his umbrella.

Now, Augustus Plaintiff knew perfectly well that a clerk in a hardware store, with a salary of fifteen hundred

"THE BOOM'S STRUCK BLOWARD, . . ."

a year, and a wife and two children, has no business speculating in town lots. But there was a hundred dollars in the savings bank, and somehow—it seemed to Gus, without conscious volition of his own—the crowd pressed him forward, and the next that he knew he was in the wagon, jammed between Mrs. Crowe and Mr. T. J. Wheelan, whose profits there was no counting. Gus glanced sidewise at him; this man, during a few months, had made more money than he had made in his whole life. Yet he had been saving, hard-working, honest, faithful. He thought of the lean acres in the Vermont farm where he was born; of the unending drudgery in heat or cold. Then he thought of his wife and the two boys,—Gus, nine, and Sammy, three (there was a little grave out in Vermont: she came between Gus and Sammy); and he thought of the hundred dollars in the savings bank. To think how hard it came, how Lizzie had scrimped and pared the household expenses—no meat to-day, no milk yesterday—a dyed gown, darnings innumerable, hours filched from sleep to iron and clean and mend for Mrs. Crowe, "the second-hand woman"—so the boys called her—who had rooms next to theirs—good heavens! how did the woman manage, anyhow? He thought what a sweet, rosy face Lizzie had when they went to school together. He remembered that he used to picture how, after they were married, he would buy her a black silk gown and a gold watch. She should have a lace collar and a coral pin. Those days her lips were red as coral, and her brown hair had a glint of gold in the curve of its waves, and her violet eyes sparkled so bright—so bright, in the twilight. Well, now she was his wife. Her best gown was the dyed black woollen, five years old that spring, and the only watch in the family was the silver Waterbury which somehow Lizzie had earned enough to buy for him. He thought (with a lump in his throat) how cheerful and loving and patient she had been. This hundred dollars in the bank had an object. The Plaintiffs lived above Mrs. Crowe's Blue Front Renovating Emporium. ("For," said Mrs. Crowe, "I ain't goin' to spend my time cleanin' up clothes an' things, an' then fault 'em as second hand.") They had a room for a parlor, but they had no furniture. There had been a fire and sickness and doctor's bills East, and railway tickets and furniture bills West, until the Plaintiffs' purse was far too lank for parlor furniture. But now the money was saved, and this dearest delight of Lizzie's heart could be gratified. Time and again the two had planned the furnishing: only two new chairs, for the red wicker rocker was good still, and a cheap table adorned with the scarf

"GOING OUT?"



Lizzie had embroidered, and the black horse-hair sofa which had been mother Plaintiff's, and an ingrain rug (Gus, after hours, could paint a border on the floor), and perhaps curtains—curtains on a gold rod. This afternoon being a half holiday, Gus was to have gone with Lizzie to actually buy the articles which they had "looked at" half a dozen times. Instead, here sat Gus, greedily listening to tales of fairy gold. Every sale made somebody rich. There was to be a canning-factory on Arcadia addition; a Chicago firm was to build a vast pork-packing house on the east half; an Eastern syndicate wanted to buy the land; natural gas had been discovered in the southeast corner. Money seemed to float in the air for anyone's clutching. The jovial buyers told stories of recent investments. A sharp fellow had made twenty thousand on a single deal. A timid fellow had edged away with hundreds, which his successor, of harder metal, had turned into thousands. "What you need is to keep your grip," said the street-car magnate. Over Gus's head dangled a placard. Lots would be sold at prices ranging from five hundred dollars upward. "One-fifth cash, remainder in two years, six per cent. interest." Why, he could buy a lot himself. He glanced from Wheelan, who had apparently gone to sleep, to Mrs. Crowe, a wooden sort of a woman whose nose was too long for her face, as her body was for her legs. Sitting, she looked like a tall woman, but when she rose she became absurdly short. Her figure she was wont to describe herself as "all of a bigness;" literally, it was all of a thinness, and its straight lines were not disguised by any vain curves of drapery. "Got too many knobs and corners to ketch on fur furbelows," said Martha Crowe. Her black skirt hung in plain folds; there were no ornaments on her black coat; her black straw hat had a band of crape upon it like a man's. She wore her iron-gray hair short, saying: "Ain't never had 'nuff to waste hairpins on."

She rarely smiled, even behind a bargain; but a kind of sardonic irony gave her talk an edge. She had not a visible creature in the world belonging to her, except an apoplectic old dog. Rumor explained her black garb as mourning for the departed Crowe; but, as it was known that he beat her until she pitted the red-hot poker against his fist, and drove him out of the house, this explanation was not accepted generally. Furthermore, Mrs. Crowe had an open grudge against the sex, which she gratified not only in words, but by lending money at an unconscionable rate of interest. Yet Lizzie Plaintiff always maintained to Gus, who had a great dislike for the woman, that Mrs. Crowe had her good points. "She always pays promptly, and she pays fair wages; and I don't believe a cleaner woman ever lived. The house is kept in repair better than any place I know." All the more, Lizzie wondered over Mrs. Crowe's business. "How can you stand all these dreadful old duds?" she said to her once, and Mrs. Crowe had answered, in her grim way: "You kin stan' dirt on dollar bills. It *pays*. But —well, 'tis bad," she owned. "'Tain't

so much the clothes; the furnichure is what beats me." She gave Mrs. Plaintiff a glance of awful significance. "I dream of 'em nights," said she.

"For the land's sake," gasped poor Mrs. Plaintiff, "you don't think they can walk up stairs?"

"Bless you, no. You ain't no call to fret. I got a solution that 'ud kill the wanderin' Jew. You kin buy every blessed thing I've got safely, an' that's more'n you kin say of some of these big furnichure stores, too. I could just make your hair raise your bunnit, Mrs. Plaintiff; mother's, too. Some folks say they cayn't be killed. *I* kin kill 'em. They's secrets in all trades, as a fool man I knowed used to say—but the only thing he ever did say warn't a lie. Guess *your* husband's middling clever to ye?"

"Indeed, he is," cried Lizzie; "he is the best husband in the world."

"I came from your town," Mrs. Crowe went on calmly; "his father kinder kept comp'ny with me onct. Guess neither him nor his son would set the river afire. But he looks clever. I wouldn't go without my meat for dinner to save it up for his supper, though, if I was you. You kin cut off your right hand fur a man, an' then like's not he'll grumble 'cause you're left-handed. Oh, I know 'em! I've summered 'em an' wintered 'em. You eat your meat."

Unfortunately, Gus, having come home half an hour earlier than common, heard every word of this speech, because he was in the hall outside. Sitting by Mrs. Crowe's side now, he wriggled in his seat under the prick of those remembered sentences. Mrs. Crowe turned her pale green eyes on him. "Thinkin' of buying?" said she.

"I've not decided," replied Gus, coldly.

"Well, I wouldn't, then," Mrs. Crowe said, without expression either in face or manner. "Better go home."

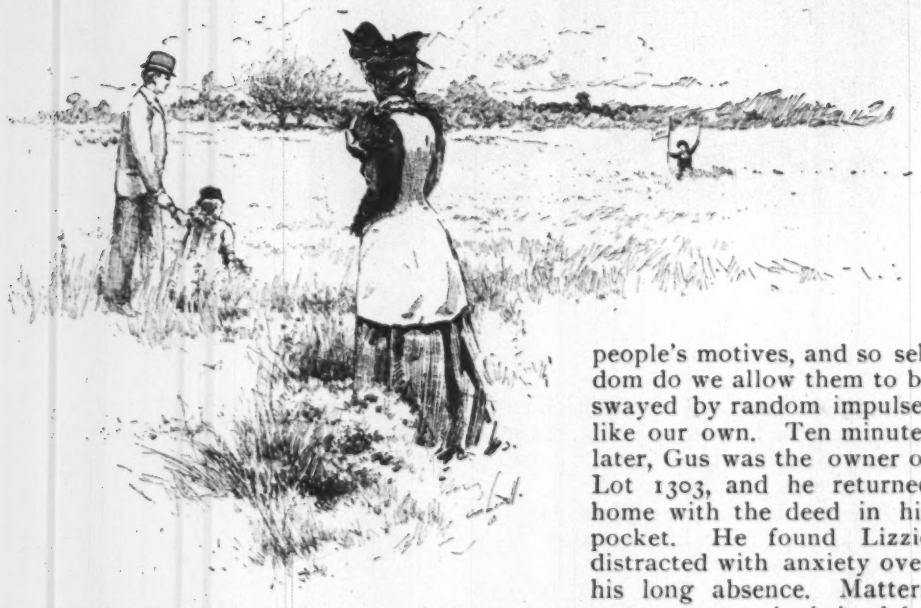
"I guess if you'd followed your own advice you'd have been a good deal poorer," said Gus; and when a man opposite laughed, he felt a glow of satisfaction. His wits were equal to this old harpy's.

"Well," said Mrs. Crowe, deliberately, "that's different. I've got some money to fool away if I wanter, an' you ain't. I'm plenty smart enough and plenty mean enough to be a match for the real estate booms goin' on forever an' ever, amen. It ain't——"

"Oh, I'll risk it," Gus laughed.

Mrs. Crowe, after looking at him a second, said: "Well, 'tain't none of my business."

Gus was tempted to reply that he agreed with her there; but on consideration that she was a woman he forbore, though he chafed almost as much over her grim silence as over her words. To divert his thoughts he screwed his head round until he could look out on the landscape. Soon the scattering houses were passed. The muddy road cut a straight black line through a green sea of prairie. The talk and the jokes went on; the brass band played in front; the horses were of good mettle and trotted swiftly; still Gus wondered if the addition was not rather distant from the town. At last they reached the stand for the



GUS AND SAMMY WERE TAKEN OUT TO VIEW THE FAMILY ESTATE.

sale, and the beer pavilion, and the flock of little flags standing sentries over the lots. There were no trees and no grass; but pools of water glimmered under the huge dock leaves, and there was a rank growth of plantain and jimson and smartweed, making the ground quite as green, from a distance, as grass would do. Mr. Wheelan plodded through the mud, and Gus splashed after. The lucky speculator halted before a flag bearing the number 1303. Gus also halted.

"I suppose they will build up rapidly," said Gus. Wheelan made a motion with his shoulders, between a shrug and a shiver. "You thinking of investing, young man?"

"Well, yes. Ain't it a good investment?"

"If you can afford to lose the money, young man, then you can afford to speculate in land; and you *may* make something if you buy right. But if you can't afford to lose, you better not touch it. You heard Mrs. Crowe. She's apt to be sound." So saying, Wheelan walked away.

"I'll bet he's just trying to scare me off 'cause he wants that lot himself," was Gus's instant thought. So readily do we impute deep-laid craft to other people's motives, and so seldom do we allow them to be swayed by random impulses like our own. Ten minutes later, Gus was the owner of Lot 1303, and he returned home with the deed in his pocket. He found Lizzie distracted with anxiety over his long absence. Matters were not greatly helped by the explanation. Lizzie grew quite pale. "Gus—then—the parlor"—she stammered, making a pathetic effort at concealing her disappointment; "but, of course, we can wait a while." If she had reproached him it would have been easier, Gus thought. He kissed her, and called her his precious, brave little wife, and Lizzie, poor soul, for a minute believed that such words were better than chairs or curtains. He broke into a fervid eulogy of the lots, "directly on the street-car line——"

"Oh, did you go out in the cars, Gus?"

"Of course not, the track ain't laid; but it's right on the line. And there's an Eastern syndicate and parties from Chicago"—the magnificent gossip of the wagon was repeated until Lizzie's imagination caught fire, and she reproached herself for her wicked disappointment. Before they went to bed they had made no less than six hundred dollars. In view of such opulence Lizzie herself did not consider a beefsteak for supper extravagant. She even allowed herself to be helped twice.

From thenceforth Lot 1303 may be said to have become one of the family. They talked of it constantly. Gus

and Sammy were taken out to view the family estate; in consequence, Mrs. Plaintiff spent the most of the night removing cockle burrs and mud from their garments. Sammy explained that in their glee they had "wrastled" and slipped. "Say, ain't papa real kinder happy all the time now?" said Gus; "he gives me a nickel 'most every Sunday."

"Tell him to sell it, if it's cash or a good man."

Gus nodded his head wisely over this message. "I guess I understand the old Crowe's little game by this time," he told Lizzie.

Number 1303 was bought in May. By June, house lots in Bloward were quoted at double their May prices. "Only, I wish, Gus, they would pay

IT WAS PROVOKING TO HAVE LIZZIE LOOK SO SERIOUS.

"Yes, dearie, but I'd save 'em if I was you," said his mother. And for some reason she sighed.

She asked Mrs. Crowe to give her more work, saying she could find more time. She found it by rising earlier. "An' how's 1303?" said Mrs. Crowe; "sold it yet?"

"No, but Gus is offered seven hundred dollars; but there is strong talk of the canning-factory wanting it."

the money down," said Lizzie; "they want to pay so little down, and give notes or swap property."

"You don't understand business, Lizzie. If we all paid down, there wouldn't be money enough to go round."

In July, 1303 was held at fifteen hundred dollars. Two lots adjoining it were actually sold to Eastern men for that price, cash. They belonged to Mr. Wheelan. "Crowe has sold five

lots to the canning-factory for a thousand apiece," Gus reported. "I had an offer of twelve hundred—two hundred down, and the rest in two years; but I told him it was fifteen hundred or nothing. They've found indications of natural gas." However, Lizzie's pleadings were so strong that he sought the buyer, no less a personage than the president of the Arcadia railway, and offered to sell.

"Hump," said Mr. Gault (Gault was the great man's name), "I've bought elsewhere. You're the day after the fair, my Christian friend. But maybe we can fix a trade. Tell you what: I'll give you a thousand in Arcadia, selling for one twenty-five on the street now, but I call it par, and my note for four hundred dollars for six months. How's that?"

Thus it happened that Gus went home with an announcement of the sale of 1303 for one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars. He was buoyantly delighted, talking of the new parlor furniture, and even a watch for Lizzie. It was provoking to have Lizzie look so serious when he explained that there wasn't any ready money exactly; she couldn't seem to understand that the stock was just as good. He really had a mind to sell a little, to give her a lesson in finance.

Chuckling over the vision of Lizzie, when he should bring, say, six hundred or so dollars, and fling the notes in her work-basket, Gus tried to sell his stock. But, somehow, he found no buyers. And, somehow, though outwardly the boom was booming as uproariously as ever; though the real estate bulletins bristled grandly with figures, and prices were stiff; and brass bands played in front of the real estate offices; and the daily journals waxed eloquent over the town's prospects, underneath all this clamor was a sinister timidity. Nobody was buying. Within a month there was a general, cautious retreat of the speculators. The retreat became a rout. At last Gus came home one evening, long, long, after supper, and flung his head upon the table and groaned. He believed that Lizzie was in her chamber, but she was there, in the shadow, waiting; and she came forward and lifted his head from the table to hold it against her heart. "Let us bear it together, dear," said Gus's wife.

Then the man tried to straighten his shoulders and hold up his head with a miserable assumption of jauntiness. "Oh, it's nothing. Just yawning. I'm dead beat, chasing 'round town after the scoundrel. Lizzie, Gault's gone, sloped."

"Run away?"

"Exactly. Canada, I guess, leaving a pretty mess behind him. The Arcadia's busted. Stock isn't worth a cent; no more than his swindling note. He hasn't paid a dollar for 1303; all I could do was to get it back. He would have nailed me to make the payments, and sold it, but I was in time; though Lord knows how I'll raise money for the next payment, next month."

A little pause, during which Lizzie only stroked his hair, before she said, timidly: "Dear, they say the boom is burst. Don't you think we better—we better let 1303 go, and not try—it will be so hard to raise that money and more in another six months, and it takes so long for a boom to come back, and there are the taxes and the interest——"

A savage laugh stopped her, and Gus leaped up, and began pacing the room. "I tell you I cayn't do it, Lizzie. I cayn't bear it. Maybe I'm jist flinging good money after bad; but after the way I've worked and hoped and planned, I cayn't *stand* it to see that lot slip out of my fingers. The property's bound to come up, you know."

But it was one thing to resolve to make the payments, quite another to raise the money. How bitterly did Gus revile his extravagance during the season of 1303's fictitious prosperity. His smart new clothes, his new hat, his cravat, were odious to him. "You brute!" he accused himself, "while your poor wife did not spend a useless penny." He worked over hours to get money. He stinted himself every possible way. The peaceful evening pipe was sacrificed; he ate a dry roll for his luncheon. One morning he brought

GUS "FLUNG HIS HEAD UPON THE TABLE AND GROANED."

a bundle to the Emporium. Not only his new clothes and hat, but his watch and Lizzie's cherished table cover were spread on the counter for Mrs. Crowe's lack-lustre eyes. "Can you give me fifty dollars for the lot?" Gus asked, trying to keep the tremble out of his voice.

"Your wife know 'bout that there kiver?"

Gus was too wretched for retort; he nodded. The "second-hand woman" eyed him not keenly, but in her usual expressionless fashion.

"She knows," said Gus, clearing his dry throat; "she—she gave me ten dollars; it's our second payment on the lot 1303."

"Guess you wish you'd a follered my advice."

Gus, mopping his brow, and his eyes glittering with anxiety, forced a sickly kind of smile. "Guess you 'bout hit it that time," said he.

"Well, why don't you foller it now? Let them sharks take their darned old weed-patch back."

A quiver ran over the young man's pale face, while he began to gather up the loose articles.

"Quit that. I s'pose you'd go somewhere else if you can't git what you want. Well." She opened the till and took out five ten-dollar bills, saying, "There, I'm a fool too, and that's a pair of us."

Gus thanked her warmly, but she gave him no answer beyond staring at him through his faltering speech.

"Well, ain't I a fool!" he heard her remark to herself, as he hurried away.

Though he had the money, he was a wretched man. It humiliated him to take Lizzie's hard earnings. Worse than all, there was the insurance money. For years Gus had kept his life insured. The thought, that, if anything happened to him, Lizzie would have a little sum to help her face the wolf, had comforted him in many a hard experience. Now it would be impossible for him to raise enough by to-morrow to make the payment. "Oh, well, nothing is going to happen to me," said Gus, "and I'm bound to stick to 1303!"

He was impressed by the different appearance of the office when he went to pay his note. Dismally quiet were the rooms which had been so thronged. The few men lounging about read the bulletin boards, and talked in an undertone, with frowns and significant nods and liftings of the eyebrows. While Gus stood waiting for his receipt, and absently gazing out of the window, the number of signs "To Let" and "For Sale" which met his eye made his heart shrink. At that moment, if he could have got one hundred and twelve dollars (principal and interest) out of the hands of the affable young man with the diamond pin, he would have abandoned 1303 and fled. But the day of grace was past.

He went down the marble steps into the street. The first object to greet him was a notice of sheriff's sale tacked on to an unfinished building. Yes, the bomb had burst. Like an echo of his thought a tumult of noises rose behind him. Yells of "Take care!" "Look out!" pierced the clatter of wheels and the mad gallop of hoofs. But he never saw the peril, the heavy wagon, the frenzied horses, and pallid driver; they were on him before he could turn his head. The horrified people closed, in the wake of the runaway, over a trampled heap of clothes pulled from under the wreck of a wagon. Something like a dripping red blotch, with a black circle jammed over it, meant a man's head under his hat. The driver limped up presently. His first inquiry after his horses having been gratified by the sight of them with heads hanging, knees trembling, and standing in a cowed fashion at a little distance, he bethought him of the heap. Was he hurt much?

"Neck broke, that's all," came the answer.

Gus, feebly creeping out of a roaring blackness into the light and the sense of real sounds, heard every word. They were like hammer blows. Life is sweet even to the wretched, but it was not of life Gus thought; it was of Lizzie and the children and the insurance policy which would lapse to-morrow. They heard him try to whisper. It was a name, "Mrs. Crowe, second-hand woman." That was the reason for Mrs. Crowe's presence at the hospital half an hour later. Wooden as ever, she stalked up to the cot and seated herself. The doctor and nurse were too much startled by her inexplicable height when she sat down to notice any change in her face. The patient was unconscious; he had not spoken since he pronounced her name. Mrs. Crowe, in her emotionless voice, told them to send for his wife and children; "in a carriage, I'll pay," said she. She indicated Gus with her thumb, looking the doctor in the eye: "Goin' to die?"

A voice from the bed answered her: "Yes, Mrs. Crowe."

"I didn't ask *you*," said Mrs. Crowe; "you don't know nothing about it."

"But I am. I've been mistaken both times I contradicted you before—" he tried to smile with his bruised, stiff lips—"but I ain't now. Mrs. Crowe—Lizzie—the best wife——"

"Give him some brandy," said Mrs. Crowe.

He gulped the brandy eagerly. His eyes implored her before he had strength enough to say: "They won't have nothing. Will you—give me—enough money to pay the life insur-

ance? It's due to-morrow—I'll give you 1303." Mrs. Crowe was sitting bolt upright, as one would expect of Mrs. Crowe, a hand spread on either knee. She lifted these hands to pull her hat down over her eyes, and she frowned. Then she pushed back her hat, revealing a face like a blank wall. "'Gustus Plaintiff," said she, "I kep' company with your father 'fore I married Crowe. He was a fool jes' like you. But he was clever. I liked him better'n he liked me. I'll give you two hundred dollars for 1303; so you kin set your mind to rest 'bout the insurance. What ye goin' to die fur?"

"My neck's broke. God bless you!" murmured Gus, somewhat irrelevantly, but with deep feelings.

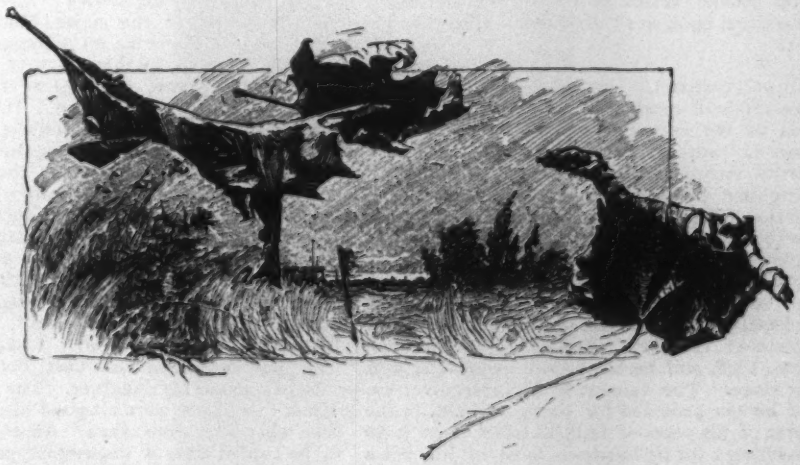
"No 'tain't. Couldn't swallow so slick's you did if your neck was broke. You ain't going to die. That's another mistake of yours.— Young woman, lend me your handkerchief. My old dog died this mornin', an' I feel sorter upset."

With the most entire deliberation Mrs. Crowe wiped two tears away and returned the handkerchief, nor did the doctor and nurse ever witness any other token of emotion, though she attended Gus with great devotion during his illness. It was tedious, and for a while critical, but he recovered, eventually. He grew to feel a queer kind of attachment for Mrs. Crowe. Lizzie made a clean breast of secret help received from the woman of wood. "And she grew kinder and kinder, Gus. She brought every one of those things you sold, back, saying she only bought them because she knew you'd sell them to somebody else. And I think, Gus, I do think the poor soul was fond of your father, and he didn't treat her just right, and it soured her. Money and smartness won't make up for some things to a woman."

"No," said Gus, musingly, "and we owe a great deal to her."

They have owed much more since; among other things, the furnishing of the parlor. It is even whispered that Mrs. Crowe intends leaving her savings to the Plaintiff boys. One thing she certainly will not leave them, Town Lot 1303. They, too, are aware of this; because, on a certain evening, when, as happens often now, they were all together, Gus took his courage in both hands and asked: "Mother Crowe, what have you done with 1303?"

The family interest had for so long clustered tenderly about that garden of plantain and cockle burrs, that they all felt a kind of a shock when she replied, "Oh, I bundled the deed right back to them agents! 'Twa'n't wuth the taxes."



"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

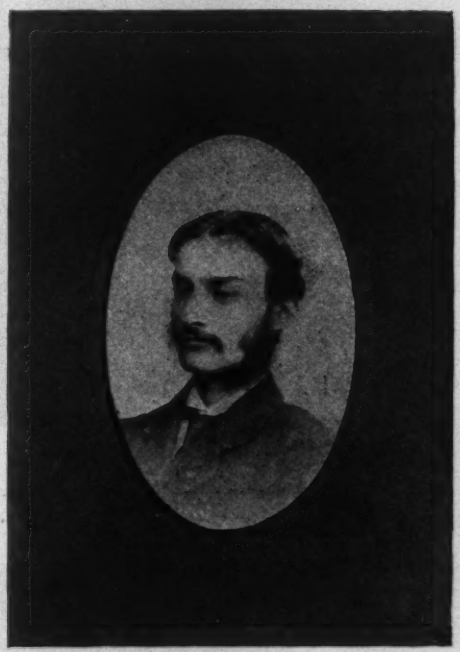
ANDREW LANG was born at Selkirk, Scotland, March 31, 1844, and educated at Edinburgh and Oxford. In 1868 he became a fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and in 1888 a lecturer at St. Andrew's University, Edinburgh. Despite these preferments, Mr. Lang has said that he was not a scholar; that he knew the scholar well; that he admired him beyond measure; but that, as for himself, he was not of the class. There is little consolation, however, for us ordinary people in this confession. All it means is, that Mr. Lang's own conception of the scholar is extremely high; and the people who would dare to measure learning with him are, after all, but a few. Like all of that gracious race whose quality he so admirably sustains, the English essayists, he writes out of a never-failing fund of reading. It is, to be sure, as with most others of the race, reading done without system, and mainly as one would; but it flowers none the less captivatingly for that. Indeed, Mr. Lang's first distinction is that he has been able to impart to the treatment of even a scholastic theme that lightness and spirit which, in the elder essayists, were provoked only by some passing social folly. Mr. Lang writes jocund verses as well as jocund prose, and his first book was "Ballades in Blue China," 1881.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, elder austere gamesters will recall, had the honor of a set of cards in the very first of the now countless games of "authors." "J. T. Trowbridge," the sportful record ran, "author of 'Ironthorpe,' 'Neighbor Jackwood,' 'The Drummer Boy,' 'Cudjo's Cave;'" and when you got, in addition to the card bearing this record, four cards headed each by one or another of these four names of books of Mr. Trowbridge's, you had the "set." And yet Mr. Trowbridge is not an aged man. He was born at Ogden, New York, September 18, 1827. But he began to write before 1848, and he has been industriously at it ever since. The amount of innocent diversion that he has provided for young and old, in the course of his years of faithful labor, there is no measuring; for he has been most of his life a very popular as well as a very productive author. His early years were stinted and toilsome. He contrived, though, to get a little schooling, which included the elements of Greek, Latin, and French; and then he went to Illinois, where for a year he taught school and did farm work. Then he came to New York City, and began his literary career by writing for magazines and papers.

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN was born in 1823, and died in the autumn of 1892. He began to study for the priesthood, but abandoned the seminary and devoted himself to the Oriental languages. The author of many learned works, he is best known for his "Life of Jesus." When he died, he was a member of the French Academy, and President of the College of France. Innumerable photographs of Renan exist. He was one of the most complaisant "subjects" known to Paris photographers. A table drawer in Madame Renan's parlor is full of photographs of him, taken at various ages and in a dozen European capitals. The most interesting portrait is, no doubt, the one which presents him in his study, where he was most at home, and where the greater part of his life was passed. This is reproduced in the last of the following series. Concerning the other portraits of the series, Madame Renan writes me: "There is no photograph of my husband previous to that taken in 1860, at the age of thirty-seven, when we were starting on our first voyage to the Orient. When my husband was a child, many reasons prevented the making of his portrait. Photography, and even daguerreotypy, was either not then invented, or at least unknown in Brittany; and his family was too poor to think of indulging in an oil portrait. The same thing held true during his early years in Paris. The first portrait ever made of him was painted by my father, Henry Scheffer. He was then thirty-four. About the same time a sculptor of talent, M. Carrier-Belleuse, made his bust. I do not know what has become of this bust, but the oil portrait belongs to my daughter. The photographs which I send you were all good likenesses at the time when they were taken. An engraving, said to be copied from a daguerreotype taken previous to the photograph of 1860, is not authentic." THEODORE STANTON.

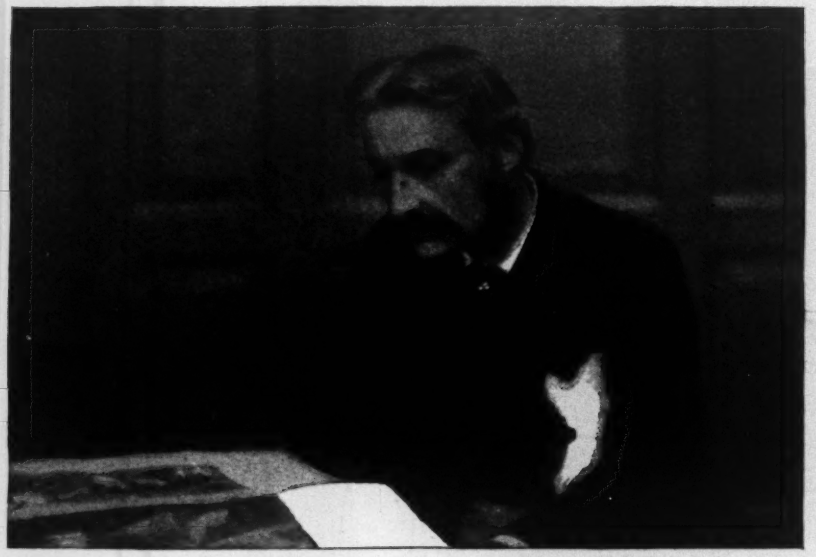
ANDREW LANG.

AGE 16. 1860.

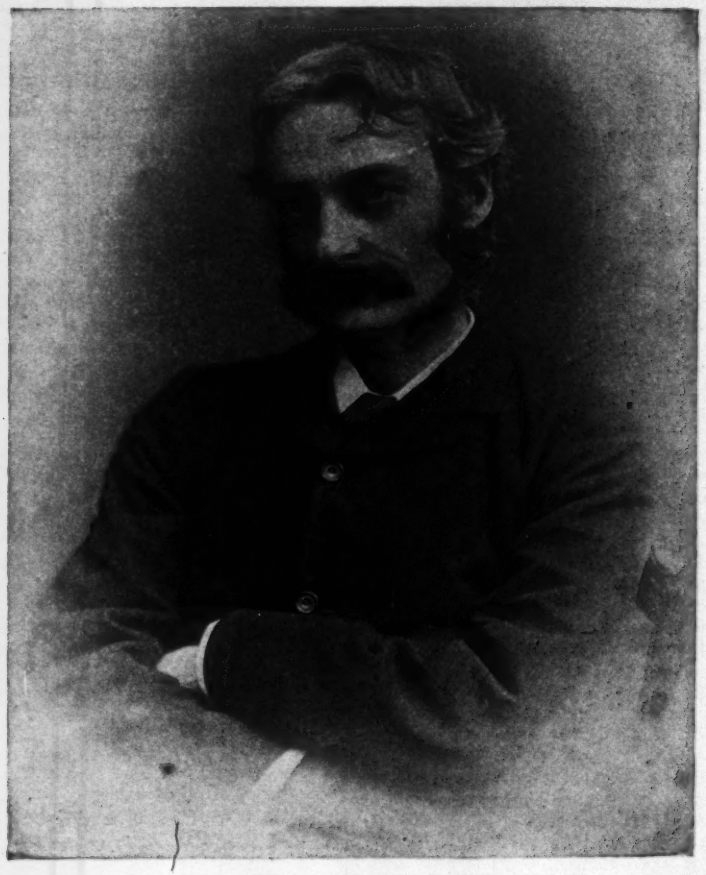


AGE 23. 1867. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.

AGE ABOUT 24, WHEN MR. LANG BECAME A FELLOW OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.

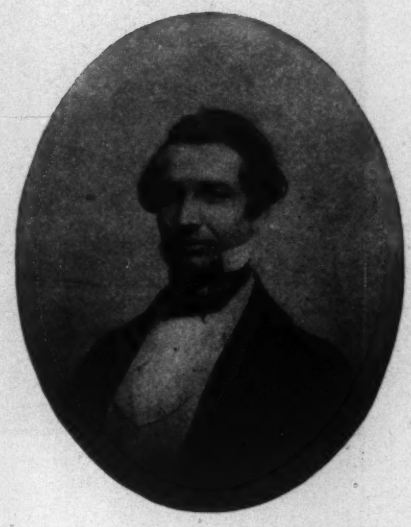


AGE 47. 1891. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HOLLYER.

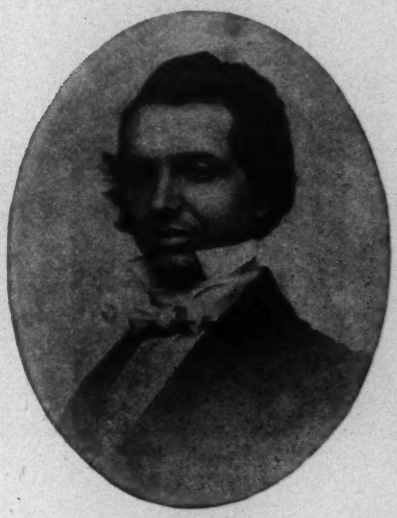


MR. LANG AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRADELLE AND YOUNG, LONDON.

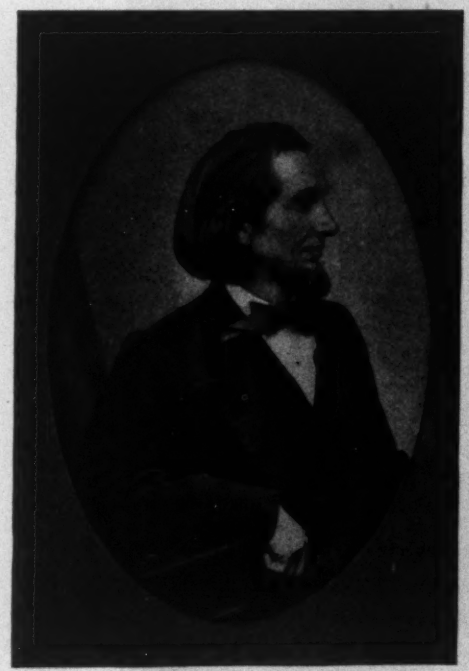
J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



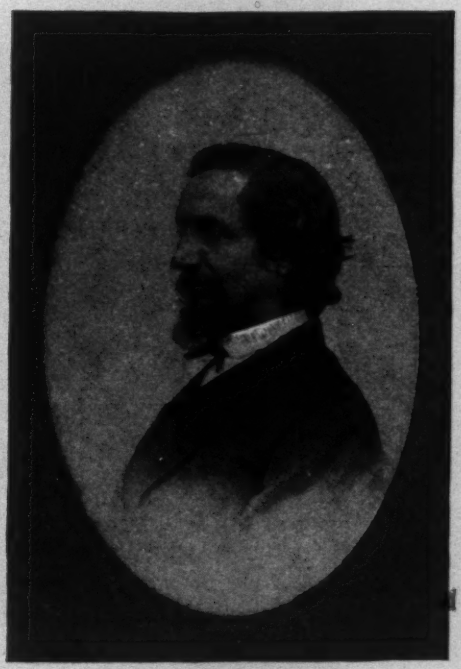
WHEN EDITOR OF THE BOSTON "SENTINEL."
AGE 21. 1849.



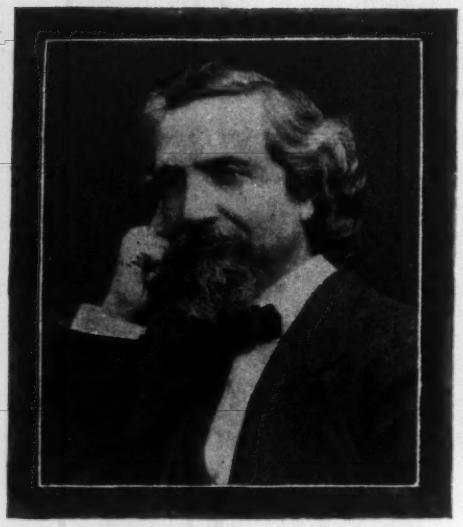
AT THE PUBLICATION OF "IRONTHORPE."
AGE 27. 1855.



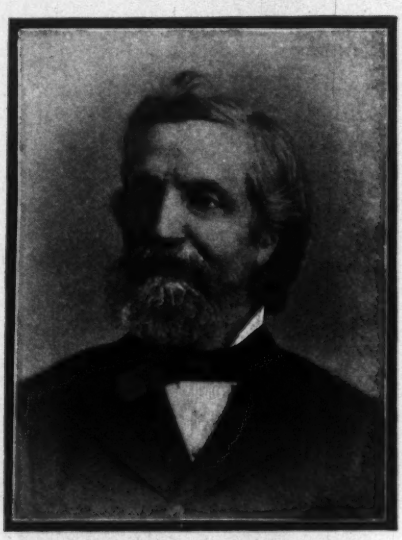
THE YEAR BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF "THE DRUMMER-BOY." AGE 34. 1862.



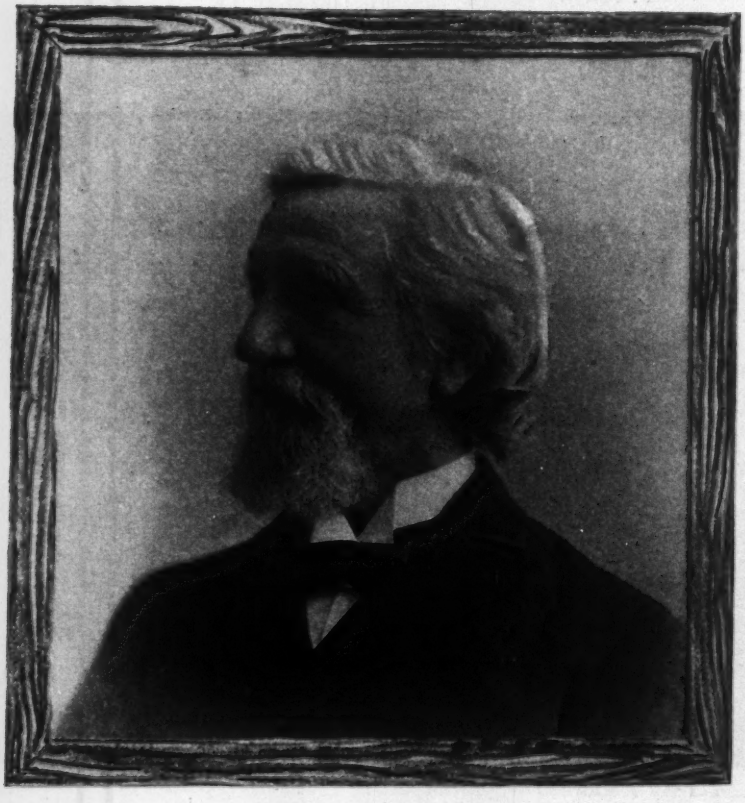
AT THE PUBLICATION OF "THE THREE SCOUTS."
AGE 37. 1865.



AT THE WRITING OF THE "JACK HAZARD" STORIES. AGE 45. 1873.

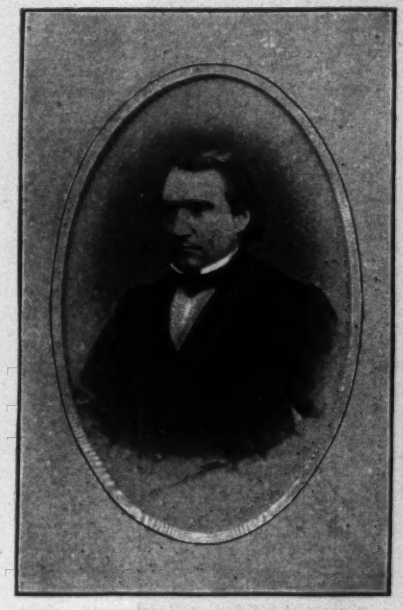


AT THE WRITING OF THE "SILVER MEDAL STORIES. AGE 54. 1882.



AGE 65. 1893.

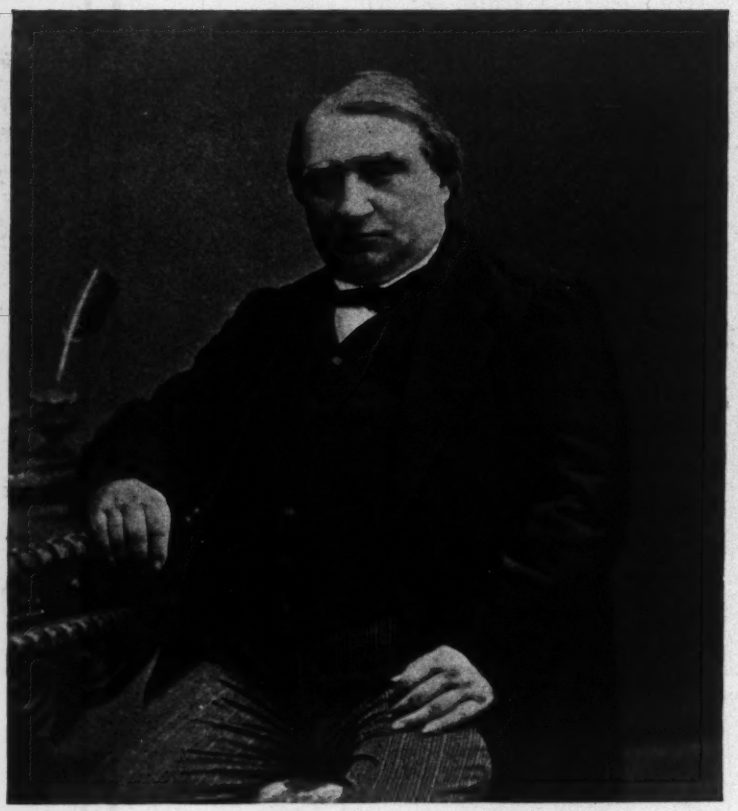
ERNEST RENAN



WHEN STARTING FOR RESEARCH IN SYRIA.
AGE 37. 1860.

THE YEAR AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF "ST. PAUL."
AGE 45. 1868.

THE YEAR AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF "THE ANTICHRIST." AGE 51. 1874.



NEAR THE PUBLICATION OF "THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH." AGE 55 OR 56.

RENAN IN HIS LIBRARY. 1891.

THE LEGS OF SISTER URSULA.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "Plain Tales From the Hills," "Soldiers Three," etc.

THE one man of all men who could have told this tale, and lived, has long since gone to his place; and there is no apology for those that would follow in the footsteps of Laurence Sterne.

In a nameless city of a land that shall be nameless, a rich man lived alone. His wealth had bought him a luxurious flat on the fifth floor of a red-brick mansion whose grilles were of hammered iron, and whose halls were of inlaid marble. When he needed attendance, coals, his letters, a meal, a messenger, or a carriage, he pressed an electric button, and his wants were satisfied almost as swiftly as even petulant wealth could expect. An exceedingly swift lift bore him to and from his rooms, and in his rooms he had gathered about him all that his eye desired—books in rich cases with felted hinges, ivories from all the world, rugs, lamps, cushions, couches, engravings, and rings with engravings upon them, miniatures of pretty women, scientific toys, and china from Persia. He had friends and acquaintance as many as he could befriend or know; and some said that more than one woman had given him her whole love. Therefore, he could have lacked nothing whatever.

One day a hot sickness touched him with its finger, and he became no more than a sick man alone among his possessions, the sport of dreams and devils and shadows, sometimes a log, and sometimes a lunatic crying in delirium. Before his friends forsook him altogether, as healthy brutes will forsake the wounded, they saw that he was efficiently doctored; and the expensive physician who called upon him at first three times a day, and later only once, caused him to be nursed by a nun. "Science is good," said the physician; "but for steady, continuous nursing, with no science in it, religion is better—and I know Sister Ursula."

So this sick man was nursed by a nun, young and fairly pretty, but, above all, skilful. When he got better he would give the convent, and not Sister Ursula, a thank-offering which would be spent among the poor whom Sister Ursula chiefly attended. At first the man knew nothing of the nun's existence—he was in the country beyond all creeds—but later a white coifed face came and went across his visions, and at last, spent and broken, he woke to see a very quiet young woman in black moving about his room. He was too weak to speak; too weak, almost, to cling to life any more. In his despair he thought that it was not worth clinging to; but the woman was at least a woman and alive. The touch of her fingers in his, as she gave him the medicine, was warm. She testified to the

Copyright, 1893, by Rudyard Kipling.

existence of a world full of women, also alive—the world he was beginning to disbelieve in. He watched her sitting in the sunshine by the window, and counted the light creeping down from bead to bead of the rosary at her waist. They then moved his bed to the window, that he might look down upon the stately avenue that ran by the flat-house, and watch the people going to and fro about their business. But the change, instead of cheering, cast him into a deeper melancholy. It was nearly one hundred feet, sheer drop, to those healthy people walking so fast, and the mere distance depressed him unutterably. He played with the scores of visiting cards that his friends had left for him, and he tried to play with the knobs of the desk close to the head of his bed, and he was very, very wretched.

One morning he turned his face away from the sunlight, and took no interest in anything, while the hand turned back upon the dial so swiftly that it almost alarmed the doctor. He said to himself: "Bored, eh? Yes. You're just the kind of over-educated, over-refined man that would drop his hold on life through sheer boredom. You've been a most interesting case so far, and I won't lose you." He said to Sister Ursula that he would send an entirely fresh prescription by his boy, and that Sister Ursula must give it to the invalid every twenty minutes without fail. Also, if the man responded, it might be well to talk to him a little. "He needs cheering up. There is nothing the matter with him now; but he won't pick up."

There can be few points of sympathy between a man born, bred, trained, and sold for and to the world, and a good nun made for the service of other things. Sister Ursula's voice was very sweet, but the matter of her speech did not interest. The invalid lay still, looking out of the window upon the street, all dressed in its Sunday afternoon emptiness. Then he shut his eyes. The doctor's boy rang at the door. Sister Ursula stepped out into the hall, not to disturb the sleeper, and took the medicine from the boy's hand. Then the lift shot down again, and, even as she turned, the wind of its descent puffed up and blew shut the spring-lock door of the rooms with a click only a little more loud than the leap of her terrified heart.

Sister Ursula tried the door softly; but rich men, with many hundred pounds' worth of bric-a-brac, buy themselves very well made doors, that fasten with singularly cunning locks. Then the lift returned with the boy in charge, and, so soon as his Sunday and rather distracted attention was drawn to the state of affairs, he suggested that Sister Ursula should go down to the basement and speak to the caretaker, who doubtless had a duplicate key. To the basement, therefore, Sister Ursula went, with the medicine bottle clasped to her breast; and there, among mops and brooms and sinks and heating pipes, and the termini of all the electric communications of that many-storied warren, she found, not the caretaker, but his wife, reading a paper, with her feet on a box of soap. The caretaker's wife was Irish and a Catholic, reverencing the Church in all its manifestations. She was not only sympathetic, but polite. Her husband had gone out, and, being a prudent guardian of the interests confided to him, had locked up all the duplicate keys.

"An' the saints only know whin Mike'll be back av a Sunday," she concluded cheerfully, after a history of Mike's peculiarities. "He be afther havin' supper wid friends."

"The medicine!" said Sister Ursula, looking at the inscription on the bottle. "It must begin at twenty minutes past five. There are only ten minutes now. There must—oh! there must be a way!"

"Give him a double dose next time. The docthor won't know the differ."

The convent of Sister Ursula is not modelled after Irish ideals, and the present duty before its nun was to return to the locked room with the medicine. Meantime the minutes flew bridleless, and Sister Ursula's eyes were full of tears.

"I must get to the room," she insisted. "Oh, surely there is a way—any way!"

"There's wan way," said the care-

SISTER URSULA.

taker's wife, stung to profitable thought by the other's distress, "and that's the way the tenants would go in case av fire. To be sure, now, I might send the lift boy."

"It would frighten him to death. He must not see strangers. What is the way?"

"If we wint into the cellar an' out into the area, we'll find the ground ends av the fire-eshcapes that take to all the rooms. Go aisy, dear."

Sister Ursula had gone down the basement steps, through the cellar, into the area, and with clenched teeth was looking up the monstrous sheer of red brick wall, cut into long strips by the lessening perspective of perpendicular iron ladders. Under each window each ladder opened out into a little, a very little, balcony. The rest was straighter than a ship's mast.

The caretaker's wife followed, panting; came out into the sunshine, and, shading her eyes, took stock of the ground.

"He'll be No. 42 on the fifth. Thin this ladder goes up to it. Bad luck to

thim, they've the eshcapes front and back, spoilin' the look av a fine house; but it's all paid for in the rint. Glory be to God, the avenue's empty, all but. But it should ha' been the back, it should ha' been the back!"

Two children were playing in the gutter. But for these the avenue was deserted, and the hush of a sabbath afternoon hung over it all. Sister Ursula put the medicine bottle carefully into the pocket of her gown. Her face was as white as her coif.

"'Tis not for me," said the care taker's wife, shaking her head sadly. "I'm so's to be round, or I'd go wid ye. Those ladders do be runnin' powerful straight up an' down. 'Tis scandalous to think; but in a fire, an' runnin' wid their night clothes, they'd not stop to think.—Go away, ye two little imps there!—The bottle's in your pocket. You'll not lose good hold of the irons. What is ut—oh!"

Sister Ursula retreated into the cellar, dropped on her knees, and was praying—praying as Lady Godiva prayed before she mounted her palfrey. The caretaker's wife had barely time to cross herself and follow her example, when she was on her feet again, and her feet were on the lowest rungs of the ladder.

"Hold tight," said the caretaker's wife. "Oh, darlint, wait till Mike comes! Come down, now! The good angels be wid you! There should have been a way at the back. Walk tinderly an' hould tight. Heaven above sind there'll be no wind! Oh, why wasn't his ugly rooms at the back, where 'tis only yards an' bedroom windows!"

The voice grew fainter and stopped. Sister Ursula was at the level of the first-floor windows when the two children caught sight of her, raising together a shrill shout. The devil that delights in torturing good nuns inspired them next to separate and run, the one up and the other down the avenue, yelling: "O—oh! There's a nun up the fire-escape! A nun on the fire-escape!" and, since one word at least was familiar, a score of heads came to windows in the avenue, and were much interested.

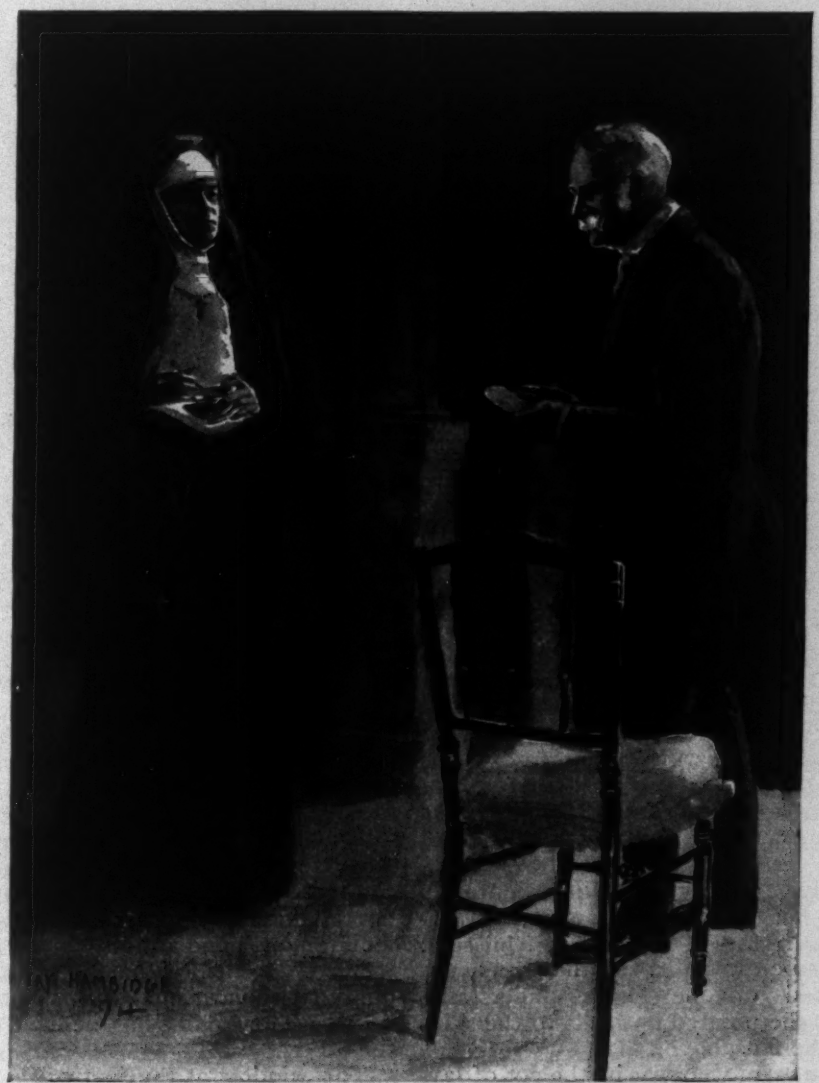
In spite of her prayers, Sister Ursula was not happy. The medicine bottle banged and bumped in her pocket as she gripped the iron bars hand over hand, and toiled aloft. "It is for the sake of a life," she panted to herself. "It is a good work. He might die if I did not come. Ah! it is terrible." A flake of rust from the long disused irons had fallen on her nose. The rungs were chafing her hands, and the minutes were flying. The round, red face of the caretaker's wife grew smaller and smaller below her, and there was a rumbling of wheels in the avenue. An idle coachman, drawn by the shouts of the children, had turned the corner to see what was to be seen. And Sister Ursula climbed in agony of spirit, the heelless black cloth shoes that nuns wear slipping on the rungs of the ladder, and all earth reeling a hundred thousand feet below.

She passed one set of apartments, and they were empty of people; but the fire, the books on the table, and the child's toy cast on the hearthrug, showed it was deserted only for a minute. Sister Ursula drew breath on the balcony, and then hurried upward. There was iron-rusted red on both her hands, the front of her gown was speckled with it, and a reflection in the stately double window showed a stainless stiff fold of her headgear battered down over her eye. Her shoe—yes, the mended one—had burst at the side near the toe, in a generous bulge of white stocking. She climbed on wearily, for the bottle was swinging again, and in her ears there came unbidden the nursery refrain that she used to sing to the little sick children in the hospital at Quebec:

"This is the cow with the crumpled horn."

Between earth and heaven, it is said, the soul on its upward journey must pass the buffeting of many evil spirits. There flashed into Sister Ursula's mind the remembrance of a picture of a man gazing from the leads, down the side of a house—a wonderful piece of foreshortening that made one dizzy to see. Where had she seen that picture? Memory, that works indifferently on earth or in vacuo, told her of a book read by stealth in her novitiate, such

a book as perils body and soul, and Sister Ursula blushed redder than the brickwork a foot before her nose. Everything that she had read in or thought about that book, raced through her mind, as all his past life does not race through the soul of a drowning man. It was horrible, most horrible. Then rose a fierce wave of rage and indignation that she, a Sister of irreproachable life and demeanor (the book had been an indiscretion long since bitterly repented of), should be singled out for these humiliating exercises. There were other nuns of her acquaintance, proud, haughty, and overbearing (her foot slipped here as a reminder against sin and hasty judgments, and she felt that it was a small and niggling justice that counted offences at such a crisis), and—and thinking too much of their holiness, to whom this mortification, with all the rust flakes in bosom and kerchief, would have been salutary and wholesome. But that she, Sister Ursula, who only desired a quiet life, should climb fire-escapes in the face of the shameless



"HE [THE DOCTOR] SAID TO SISTER URSULA . . . 'HE NEEDS CHEERING UP.'"

sun and a watching population! It was too terrible. None the less, she did not come down.

Praying to be delivered from evil thoughts, praying that the swinging bottle would not smash itself against the iron ladders, she toiled on. The second and third flats were empty, and she heard a murmur in the street; a hum of encouraging tumult, cheerful outcries bidding her go up higher, and crisp inquiries as to whether this were the end of the performance. Her saint—she that had not prevailed against the Huns—would not help Sister Ursula; and it came over her, as cold water slides down the spine, that at her journey's end she would have to—go—through—the window. There is no vestibule, portico, or robing-room at the upper end of a fire-escape. It is designed for such as move in a hurry, unstudious of the graces, being for the most part not over-dressed, and yet seeking publicity—that publicity which came to Sister Ursula unsought. She must go through that window in order to give her invalid his medicine. Her head must go first, and her feet, and the bursten shoe, must go last. It was the very breaking point in the strain; and here her saint, mistaking the needs of the case, sent her a companion. Her head was level with the window of the fourth story, and she was rejoicing to find that that also was empty, when the door opened, and there entered a man something elderly, of prominent figure, and dressed according to the most rigid canons laid down for afternoon visits. He was millions of leagues removed from Sister Ursula's world—this person with the tall silk hat, the long frock-coat, the light gray trousers, the tiny yellow button-hole rose, and the marvellous puffed cravat, anchored about with black pearl-headed pins—but an imperative need for justification was upon her. Her own mission, the absolute rightness of her own mission, were so clear to herself that she never doubted anyone might understand, when she pointed upwards to the skies and the flat above.

The man, who was in the act of laying his tall hat absently upon the table, looked up as the shadow took the light, saw the gesture, and stared. Then his jaw dropped, and his face became ashy-gray. Sister Ursula had never seen Terror in the flesh, well-dressed and fresh from a round of calls. She gathered herself up to climb on, but the man within uttered a cry that even the double windows could not altogether stifle, and ran round the room in circles, as a dog runs seeking a lost glove.

"He is mad," thought Sister Ursula. "Oh, heavens, and that is what has driven him mad!"

He was stooping fondly over something that seemed like the coffin of a little child. Then he rushed directly at the window, open-mouthed. Sister Ursula went upwards and onwards, none the less swiftly because she heard a muffled oath, the crash of broken glass, and the tinkling of the broken splinters on the pavestones below. For the second time only in her career she looked down—down between the ladder and the wall. A silk hat was bobbing wildly, as a fishing-float on a troubled stream, not a dozen rungs beneath, and a voice — the voice of fear — cried hoarsely, "Where is it? Where is it?" Then went up to the roofs the roaring and the laughter of a great crowd—yells, cat-calls, ki-yis, and hootings many times multiplied. Her saint had heard her at last, and caused Sister Ursula to disregard the pains of going through the window. Her one desire now was to reach that haven, to jump, dive, leap-frog through it if necessary, and shut out the unfortunate maniac. It was a short race, but swift, and Saint Ursula took care of the bottle. A long course of afternoon calls, with refreshments at clubs in the intervals, is not such good training as the care of the sick in all weathers for sprinting over a course laid at ninety degrees. Nor again can the best of athletes go swiftly up a ladder if he carries a priceless violin in one hand and its equally priceless bow in his teeth, and handicaps himself with varnished leather buttoned boots. They climbed, the one below the other.

The window at the foot of the invalid's bed was open. At the next win-

dow was the white face of the invalid. Sister Ursula reached the sash, threw it up, went through—let no man ask how—shut it gently, but with amazing quickness, and sank panting at the foot of the bed, one hand on the bottle.

"There was no other way," she panted. "The door was locked. I could not help. Oh! He is here!"

The face of Terror in the top hat rose to the window-level inch by inch. The violin bow was between his teeth, and his hat hung over one eye in the fashion of early dawn.

"It's Cott Van Cott," said the invalid, slowly and critically. "He looks quite an old man. Cott and his Strad. How very bad for the Strad!"

"Open the window. Where is it? Is there a way? Open the window," roared Cott, without removing his violin bow.

Sister Ursula held up one hand warningly as she stooped over the invalid.

For the second time did Cott Van Cott misinterpret the gesture, and heaved himself upward, the violin and the bow clicking and rattling at every stride. He was fleeing to the leads to save his life and his violin from death by fire—fire in the basement—and the crowd in the street roared below him with the roar of a full-fed conflagration.

The invalid fell back on the pillows and wiped his eyes. The hands of the clock were on the hour appointed for the medicine, lacking only the thirty seconds necessary for pouring it into a wineglass. He took it from Sister Ursula's hand, still shaking with helpless laughter.

"God bless you, Sister Ursula," he said. "You've saved my life."

"The medicine was to be given," she answered simply. "I—I could not help coming that way."

"If you only knew," said the invalid. "If you only knew! I saw it from out of the windows. Good heavens! The dear old world is just the same as ever.

"I—I WANTED TO USE IT FOR SOMETHING BEFORE YOU WENT OUT."

I must get back to it. I must positively get well and get back. And, Sister Ursula, do you mind telling me, when you're quite composed, everything that happened between the time the door shut and—and you came in that way?"

After a little Sister Ursula told, and the invalid laughed himself faint once more. When Sister Ursula resettled the pillows, her hand fell on the butt of a revolver that had come from the desk by the head of the bed. She did not understand what it was, but the sight pained her.

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, and he took one little brass thimble-like thing from its inside. "I—I wanted to use it for something before you went out, but I saw you come up, and I don't want it any more. I must certainly get back to the world again. Dear old world! Nice old world! And Mrs. Cassidy prayed with you in the cellar, did she? And Van Cott thought it was a fire? Do you know, Sister Ursula, that all those things would have been impossible on any other planet? I'm going to get well, Sister Ursula."

In the long night, Sister Ursula, blushing all over under the eyes of the night-light, heard him laughing softly in his sleep.

IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD IN USE IN FRANCE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

With illustrations from photographs furnished by M. Bertillon, inventor of the system.

MONSIEUR BERTILLON.

THE door closed heavily, a key turned, a bolt was drawn, and I stood alone, and dumb with astonishment, at the foot of a narrow, spiral, stone staircase. It was the third door which had been locked behind me since I penetrated into the inner court of the prison. Things were beginning to look suspicious. There was nothing to do, however, but mount.

Half way up the dim winding path, I stopped in dismay; somebody was coming down. At that instant there appeared at the turn above me a villainous face, shaded by an unkempt shock of hair. The owner passed me silently, evidently as astonished as I was trembling. There were others behind him—fourteen of them—all of varying degrees of suspiciousness and unpleasantness, and all equally silent. Their discretion was explained in a moment. At their heels were a couple of police officers.

I continued to climb, bent half double by the length and steepness of the stairs, when a peremptory "Madame!" brought me into an erect position. A guard was barring my way. We regarded each other aggressively for a moment. Then I began to realize that the explanations belonged to my side, and I stammered: "Monsieur Bertillon?" The name had power in it evidently, for the guard saluted me profoundly, called a porter, and I was whisked through one room which seemed peopled by police, and through another filled with half-clad men of the type I had seen on the stairway, and was put down before a superior who regarded me wonderingly, and asked me what I wanted.

"To see M. Bertillon and secure information on your system of identification and anthropometry," I explained.

The man smiled genially.

"We ask nothing better than that people should study our system," said he, "but we do not bring them up by the criminal staircase for the purpose. There is an honest man's entrance on the other side. Take a seat in M. Bertillon's office, and I will call him."

The humiliation of my entrance faded quickly, once I was in the narrow little office. Here the ungracious, hang-dog look of the courts, passages, and staircase I had traversed, disappeared. There was a peculiar individuality about the place—the look which a room takes when the utensils of one's trade are scattered about it. They were odd enough—these utensils of M. Bertillon's trade—maps of France dotted with bewildering figures and marks; rows of photographs of criminals, some of them better looking than

most upright men; a chromatic chart of the hair of the head; huge cases of notes; queer measuring-appliances; pictures from the Russian prison service; volumes bearing the titles, "Anthropology," "Ethnology," "Criminology," and the names of Lubbock, Galton, Lombroso. It was a bright little room, in spite of its serious contents; for in the corner stood a tall green palm, and through the high window, whose sill was on a level with the chimney-pots and roofs of the mammoth pile formed by the Conciergerie and the Palais de Justice of Paris, one looked out on the dainty gold and black spire of that marvellous reliquary of Saint Louis, the Sainte Chapelle.

My observations were ended by the entrance of a tall man of slightly haughty bearing. He had a grave face, of long regular lines; a dark, almost melancholy eye, with the slight contraction of the lids peculiar to serious students, and a nervous trick of knitting his brow. It was M. Bertillon, the originator of the modern system of anthropometric identification; the man who has so mastered the peculiarities of the human anatomy, and so classified and organized his observations, that the prisoner who passes through his hands is subjected to measurements and descriptions that leave him forever "spotted." He may efface his tattooing, compress his chest, dye his hair, extract his teeth, scar his body, dissimulate his height. It is useless. The record against him is unfailing. He cannot pass the Bertillon archives without recognition; and, if he is at large, the relentless record may be made to follow him into every corner of the globe where there is a printing press, and every man who reads may become a detective, furnished with information which will establish his identity. He is never again safe.

How this infallible Nemesis, this mathematically exact identifying machine, is constructed, was what I had come to learn.

"The system is a little more complicated than the Chinese method of taking an impression of the lines which characterize the epidermis of the thumb," said M. Bertillon; "but you shall have an object lesson which will show you exactly how we work."

A few minutes later I was back in one of the rooms through which I had passed in entering, ready for my "lesson." By the courtesy of M. Bertillon it was to be a private seance, and the place had been cleared of its doubtful-looking characters, only the clerks remaining at their desks.

"Call the prisoner," said my guide, M. David of the service, and immediately the guard brought in a short, rather stout man, clad only in undershirt and trousers. His feet were bare. His face was not at all disagreeable, and his eyes were bright and dark. He seemed to be perfectly indifferent to what awaited him, and gave his name and country without hesitation.

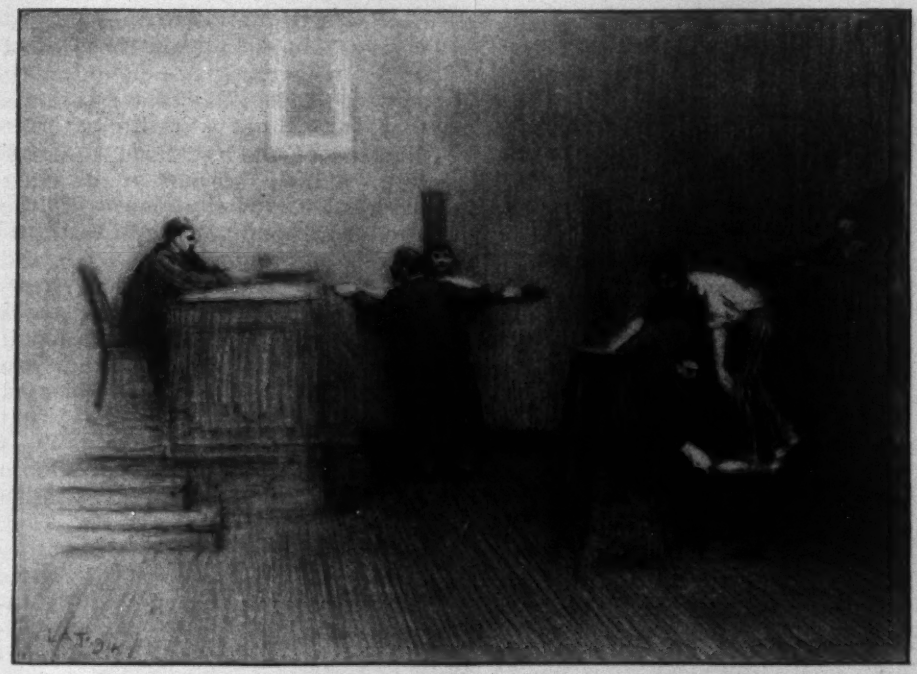
"He has been arrested for stealing rabbits at Robinson," said my guide. "Our business is to find out if he has ever been up before. We'll make the observations together, and you may record them on this card," handing me a piece of card-board with many peculiar divisions and sub-divisions marked on it.

"Observations Anthropometriques," was the introductory heading, and "height" the first division. The prisoner was directed to place himself against a high measuring-board, bearing at the side a scale. A flat board was placed across the top of his head, and the height it marked noted.

"Five hundred and fifty-eight," said my guide. As I made my entry, a clerk in a high desk at the side repeated the number and wrote it in the book before him. "Of course," said M. David, "it is understood that it is one metre, 55.8 centimetres" (five feet, 1.34 inches).

Without changing his position, the arms of the prisoner were stretched at full length, and the third measure taken —one metre, fifty-nine centimetres (five feet, 2.6 inches). The second measure, the curvature of the spine, is rarely taken. The fourth, height of the trunk, followed—eighty-three centimetres (two feet, 8.68 inches).

The next step was a little more complicated. The subject was ordered to sit down, and a jointed compass, furnished with a semi-circular scale di-



IN THE MEASURING BUREAU.

vided into millimetres, was applied to his head, one foot being braced against the root of the nose, and the other moved over back of the skull, in search of the point of greatest depth. When it was supposed to have been reached, the compass was set and again applied, to see if the foot could be moved freely all over the back of the head, touching without hurting, and without coming to a point which it could not pass. If such a point is reached, evidently there is a greater depth than the one before registered, and the instrument must be readjusted. After three trials the greatest depth was found, and 19.2 centimetres (7.56 inches) read out. In the same way the width was taken, 17.3 (6.81 inches), and then followed the measurements of the ear.

"These measurements of the head," said my guide, "are of extreme importance, because so sure. A tricky subject may expand his chest or shrink his stature, but he cannot add to or subtract from the length and breadth of the skull. And now for the foot."

The prisoner was told to step upon a stool and throw back the right leg in such a way that the entire weight should come upon the left foot. The measuring of the foot was followed by that of the left middle and little fingers and of the left forearm. "All good measures," observed my conductor; "for the rule rests against the bones, and no dissimulation is possible on the part of the subject, and the chance for error on the part of the operator is little. And now for the eyes."

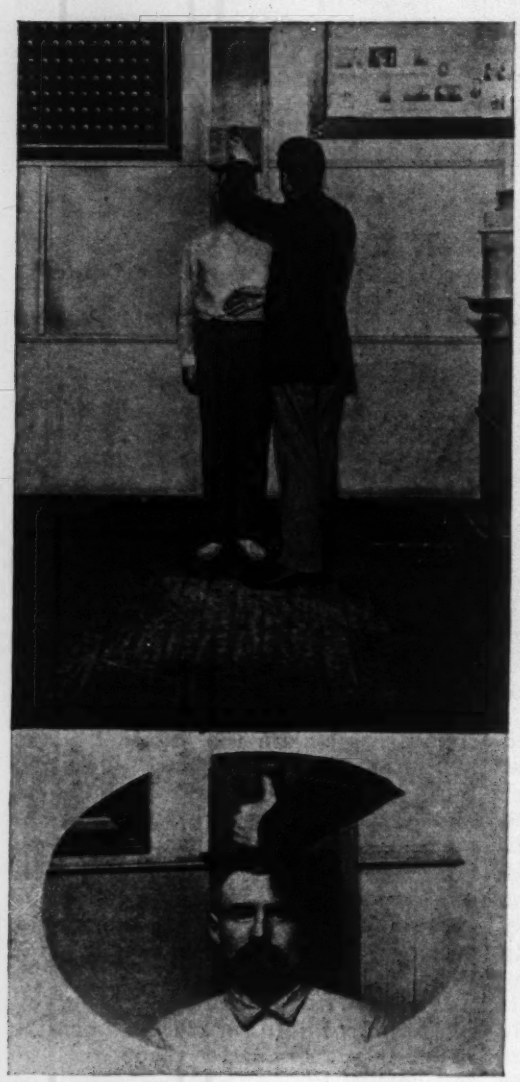
The man was placed in a strong, full light, and told to regard the operator in the face. The latter then raised the left eyelid slightly, and seemed to be making mental notes of what he saw.

"But the eye changes," I objected. "That man's eye ought to be darker now, under the excitement of this examination."

"False notion, that of the eye changing so much," said my guide. "It is the ground of the iris which is affected chiefly by the light; and we do not base our classification on that. Here are the notes.

"Class 3–4: aureole, radiant, of medium chestnut; periphery, of medium greenish yellow; two circles equal."

"But where do you get all that in-



GETTING THE HEIGHT.

formation ? " I queried. The gist of the answer I received was as follows :

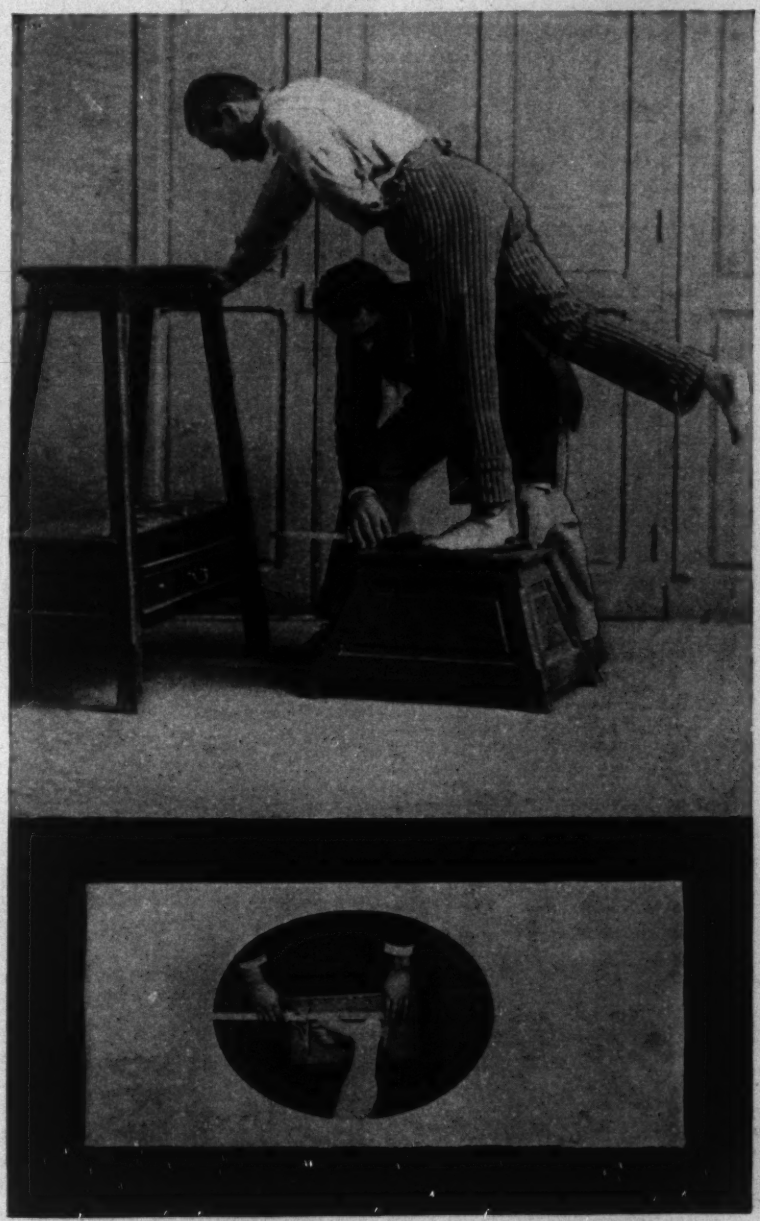
The color of the eye is the result of the fusion of two elements, the shade of the ground of the iris and that of the aureole which surrounds the pupil. The usual method of classifying eyes in the past has been to regard them at a distance of three or four feet, and to mark the result of the fusion of the two elements. Eyes thus studied are classified as blue, brown, green, and gray, or as dark, medium, light. But there is little precision in this method. M. Bertillon resolved to study the eye close at hand, and to analyze each of the elements. He found that the ground of the iris is rarely decided in shade, varying from a sky blue to a slate blue, and changing according to the intensity of the light, and is, therefore, of little service in an exact description. The pigment of the aureole around the pupil is, however, more pronounced in color, and less variable in the light, and therefore better capable of serving as a basis of classification. By means of it the eye can be separated into seven sufficiently distinct classes. (1). Pale, or without pigment; that is, an eye in which the aureole is absent or very insignificant, and in which the iris is marked by whitish striæ. (2). Yellow aureole. (3). Orange aureole. (4). Chestnut aureole. (5). Maroon aureole in a circle or disk around the pupil. (6). Maroon aureole covering the iris irregularly. (7). Maroon aureole covering the entire iris. Each of these divisions may be further divided into light, medium, dark, according to the shade. The sub-divisions approach closely sometimes; thus an eye may appear to one person as a dark orange, which to another will seem light chestnut.

When there is a doubt, the two classes are marked: thus, in the case of our rabbit man, the class was three or four. After the class is decided, the arrangement of the aureole is noted. Is it a solid, definite circle? Does it send off short rays? Do the rays touch the periphery? Do they cover the iris? Is it mottled by a different shade? All the mosaics, the festoons, the lace-like drapings of the aureole are noted. In the same way the color and the arrangement of the periphery of the iris are described. If there are striking peculiarities, they are added to the list.

"There are still two classes of points to be taken," said M. David, "the descriptions and the special marks and scars; but we have now all that is essential. You may go," to the prisoner.

"Our search," continued my guide, "is to be among the ninety thousand men who have passed through the office

in the last ten years, the women and the boys being classified separately. The principle of the classification is simple. Each one of the measures we have taken is small, medium, or large. Thus, the stature of every man, the length of the foot, the length of the head, and of the finger is small, medium, or large. But these terms are of no use in a scientific classification, unless the limits can be fixed by figures. By experimenting, M. Bertillon has been able to fix mathematical limits for the different classes of each measure, and so to fix them that the numbers in the divisions are approximately equal. Naturally, this result is reached only by restricting the medium to much narrower boundaries



GETTING THE LENGTH OF THE FOOT.—TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME OPERATION.

than the small or large class. For example, take the height. Under 'small' we include everything from the dwarf, or alpha, as the lowest figure in each measure is called, up to one metre eighty-four centimetres (six feet, .4 inches); the medium includes only those from one metre eighty-five centimetres (six feet, .8 inches) to one metre ninety centimetres (six feet, 2.8 inches); and the large from one metre ninety-one centimetres (six feet, 3.2 inches) to the giant, or omega, as the greatest height is called. Our ninety thousand records, divided according to these limits, give us three classes of about thirty thousand each. You see the result. If you can show that a man has a stature of less than one metre, eighty-five centimetres, you know that he belongs to the 'small' class in our archives, and you have erased sixty thousand records to begin with. It is simply a process of elimination, similar to that in use in the zoölogical and botanical sciences.

"But begin, and you will see how it works—but do not take the 'height,' which is marked first on your card. The order there is simply that which we have found to be the most convenient for making the measurements. To classify, we select the measures which are the surest; that is, those which do not vary with age; which the individual cannot change; which are the most valuable from one person to another, and which the operators make the fewest errors in taking. Experience has taught us that these are: (1) The length of the head; (2) the breadth of the head; (3) the middle finger; (4) the foot; (5) the fore-arm. But begin."

MOLE, THIRTEEN CENTIMETRES (5.12 INCHES) ABOVE THE WRIST.

Several huge cases checkered with little boxes on whose ends were written a bewildering and intricate series of figures of "alphas" and "omegas," loomed before me. "Small" heads include everything from alpha to one hundred and eighty-four millimetres (7.24 inches), I had been told; "medium," those from one hundred and eighty-five (7.28 inches) to one hundred and ninety (7.48 inches); and "large," those from one hundred and ninety-one (7.52 inches) to omega. The card read one hundred and ninety-two millimetres (7.56 inches). Evidently it was a big-headed man who had stolen the rabbits. So I scanned the cases to find the portion where the placards on the box-ends read "one hundred and ninety-one to omega." It was the work of a moment. "Right," said my guide. "Now you have only to deal with thirty thousand individuals. What is the width of the head?" "One hundred and seventy-three millimetres (6.81 inches)," I answered, "and

GETTING THE LENGTH OF THE HEAD.—TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME OPERATION.

GETTING THE WIDTH OF THE HEAD.—TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME OPERATION.

that means that he belongs in this third."

I had wiped out twenty thousand more, and my list was reduced to ten thousand. By locating the division of the middle finger, my ten thousand was reduced to three thousand three hundred. By placing the foot, I subdivided the three thousand three hundred into three classes of one thousand one

hundred each. By means of the forearm, the one thousand one hundred was made about four hundred. The height was taken as a sixth measure, the little finger as a seventh, and the ninety thousand was reduced to about sixty, which were divided into seven classes, according to the color of the eyes. The card read 3–4. I watched my guide as he picked up class three, of less than a dozen slips. He ran over the cards, each of which bore the measurements, descriptions, and marks of the individual in the shorthand of the office; and in the centre two photographs, one full-face, the other clear profile. The first three could not have been the rabbit man, but the fourth! I uttered an unprofessional "Oh!" as my eyes fell upon it. My conductor laid it out with scientific reserve. "It is worth looking at," he said. In the middle of the fourth package I exclaimed a second time. Certainly here again was our subject.

OUTSTRETCHED ARMS: FROM FINGER-TIP TO FINGER-TIP.

"The point now is to see if the measurements on either or both of these cards compare with those we have taken. What is the height?"

"Five hundred and fifty-eight."

"I have five hundred and fifty-seven, but a variance of a millimetre is nothing. Outstretched arms?"

"Fifty-nine."

"Mine is 58.5; near enough. Trunk?"

"Eighty-three."

"I have 83.4. That might be."

"But you said the measures must be exact?"

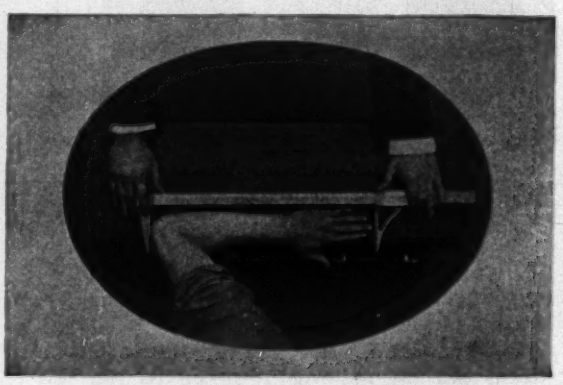
"Approximately exact. A certain variance is allowed for each measurement. Measure the same individual ten times in succession, and without fail you will have ten different sets of measures. It is almost impossible in two attempts to get the same figures in millimetres for the height, the bust, and the width of the ear. We have arranged a scale beyond which the differences must not go either way, for the question is to know how great the differences may really be. An absolute similitude of figures, far from *proving* an identity, would disprove it. But go on."

And we did, and all of our figures were within the limits of variation allowed by the bureau, and the eyes were marked 3–4.

"Call the prisoner," ordered the guide, "and we will see if the descriptions and marks on the card can be verified on his body."

The prisoner, being ordered to do so, rolled up the sleeve on his left arm.

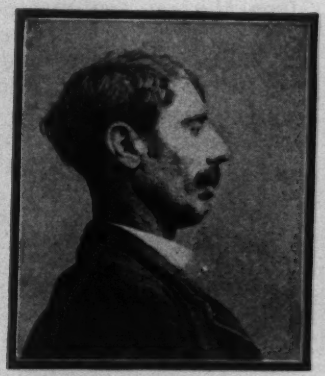
"Mole, ten centimetres (3.94 inches) above the inside bend of the left arm," read M. David, applying a rule. There it was.



GETTING THE LENGTH OF THE FOREARM.

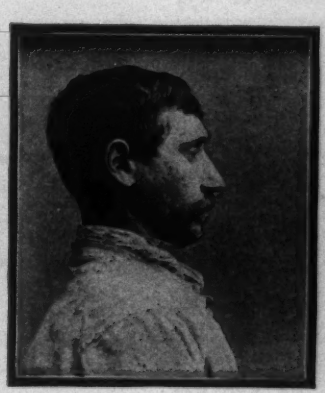
1. Concave-elevated.

4. Rectilineal-elevated.



7. Convex-elevated.

2. Concave-horizontal.



5. Rectilineal-horizontal.

8. Convex-horizontal.

3. Concave-descending.

6. Rectilineal-descending.

9. Convex-descending.

NOSES CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO BRIDGE AND BASE. A GROUP FROM THE BERTILLON ARCHIVES.

"Same arm. Mole on under surface, thirteen centimetres (5.12 inches) above wrist." It was there.

"Same arm. Rectangular scar, one centimetre (.39 inch) in length, running obliquely from the outside of the under surface, nine centimetres (3.54 inches) above the wrist." There was no mistaking it.

"Left hand, rectilinear scar, one centimetre in length, on the outer face of the second phalanx of the third finger, running obliquely from the outer side of the finger." It was monotonously correct.

"Let us look at the face." Two bold scars stared at us from the forehead. An exact description of their size, length, and location was read from the card. The plea of non-identity, after all these tell-tale verifications, would certainly be flimsy.

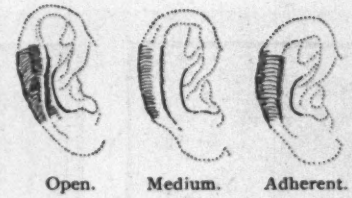
"Come, come," said my guide, "you have been *muré*, and you gave your birthplace as Berlin. You were arrested for stealing that time, too. Own up, and save us further trouble."

The prisoner shook his head solemnly, "*Shamais, shamais, suis-she venu*" ("Never, never, have I been here,") he said.

"At least," laughed M. David, "you told the truth when you said you were a German. There is no mistaking that accent. But, if you wish, we will examine the 'Descriptions;'" and thereupon the forehead, the ear, and the nose of the man were compared with the data on the card. The system of classifying these features is one of the nicest parts of the system. The reproach which can be made to the ordinary description of the features is that it lacks precision. Ears are "big" or "little," "shell-like" or "thick;" they "stand out" or "set close;" they are pierced or not: terms which are sufficient, perhaps, for popular expression, but sadly lacking for the scientist.

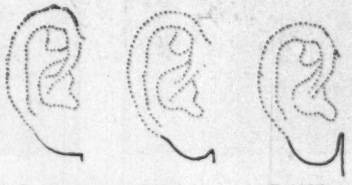
"A round chin, an oval face, gray eyes," says M. Ed. de Ryckere, "have never led to the recognition of any criminal save in the domain of romance."

To be exact, is M. Bertillon's first care. Take the ear. Its size is first considered and described, as small, medium, or large. As for the form, he considers each prominent anatomical part, and gives it fitting terms, the tripartite division being always followed: thus, the outer border is open, medium, or adherent; the exterior contour of the lobe is squared, medium, gulf-like; the profile of the antitragus is rectilineal, medium, indented; the degree of adherence of the lobe to the cheek is complete, medium, separate. In the same way is described the form of the lobe, the prominence of the antitragus and its inclination. No organ is superior to the ear to establish the identity of an individual, for the form is practically unchanging through



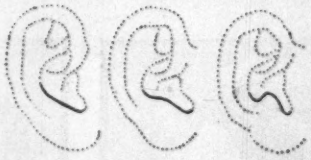
Open. Medium. Adherent.

OUTER BORDER OF THE EAR.



Square. Medium. Gulf-like.

EXTERIOR CONTOUR OF LOBE.



Rectilineal. Medium. Indented.

PROFILE OF ANTITRAGUS.

Complete. Medium. Separate.

ADHERENCE OF LOBE TO CHEEK.

SOME CLASSIFICATIONS OF THE FORM OF THE EAR.

1. Receding forehead.

2. Intermediary inclination.

3. Vertical inclination.

4. Height of forehead : Small.

5. Medium.

6. Great.

7. Breadth of forehead : Small.

8. Medium.

9. Large.

A CLASSIFICATION OF FOREHEADS FROM THE BERTILLON ARCHIVES.

I. — Observations anthropométriques.

taille 1m 66.6	tête long 18.8	pied g. 27.9	n° de cl. 3		âgé de 32
voûte	tête larg 16.0	médius g. 12.0	aur. a or m		né le 11 Octobre 18 59
enverg. 1m 76	oreille dr. long 6.6	auric. g. 9.9	coul. de l'iris pér. and j and		à St Chamond
buste 0m 87.2	oreille dr. larg 3.5	coudée g. 46.8	part.		dép. Loire
					age app.

II. — Renseignements descriptifs.

front. Arc. ...	nez. Racine (prof.) ...	oreille droite. bord. O. S. P. e.	barbe marron	Color. Pig. ...
front. inclin. ...	nez. dos cour base elv	oreille droite. lob. c. a. m. D.	chvx d.	Color. Sang. ...
front. Haut. g	nez. Haut. Saillie Larg.	oreille droite. a trg. i. p. r. D.	Car. L. i.	Color. Ceint. ...
front. Larg. mo	nez. m 1 m 1 g	oreille droite. pli. s. s. ; l. ; e.	traits caract.	
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FACSIMILE OF THE ANTHROPOMETRIC CARD OF RAVACHOL THE ANARCHIST. (FRONT.) FROM THE OFFICIAL ARCHIVES OF THE FRENCH POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Translation.

I.—Anthropometric Observations.

Height, 1 meter, 66.6 (5 feet, 5.59 inches).
Outstretched arms, 1 meter, 76 (5 feet, 9.29 inches).
Chest, 87.2 (2 feet, 10.33 inches).
Head, { length, 18.8 (7.4 inches). width, 16.0 (6.3).
Right ear, { length, 06.6 (2.6 inches). width, 03.5 (1.38 inches).
Left foot, length, 27.9 (10.99 inches).
Left middle finger, length, 12.0 (4.72 inches).
Left auricle, length, 09.9 (3.9 inches).
Left forearm, length, 46.8 (1 foot, 6.42 inches).

Color of the left iris, class 3; aureole, radiating; medium orange; periphery, slate, greenish-yellow.
Age, 32. Born October 11, 1859, at St. Chamond, department of Loire.

II.—Descriptive Items.

Forehead: inclination, straight; height, great; width, medium.
Nose: bridge, concave; base, elevated; height, medium; projection, medium; width, great.
Beard and hair, black. Description recorded by M. Debray.

N° ____ | Nom et prénoms : Ravachol Jules

Surnoms et pseudonymes : dit Koenigstein, Francisque

Né le 11 Octobre 1859 à St. Chamond Cant. ____ dep. Loire

Fils de Jean et de Marie Ravachol

Profession Teinturier dernière résidence : Grande rue, 68, à St. Maudé

Papiers d'identité : A P

Relations : ____

Services militaires : ____

Condamnations antérieures, leur nombre : ____

Cause et lieu de la dernière des détentions antérieures : ____

Détention actuelle, spécification du délit : Destruction d'immeubles & détention d'engins explosifs

III. — Notes relatives aux mensurations. — Marques particulières et cicatrices.

NOTES	III. tr. lg. sur à 5 c. lob. g cic. r. de 1 b. à la 1re g lg sur à 5 c. ari. lob. g
I. cic. ronde de 1 carpe g à 5 c. 3	
	IV. 2 sur dors. 1 ft. à 12 c. clav. g et 14 dors fro à 11.5 c. ces derniers cic. ronde de 7 à 11 c. cette fro p. fro à 8.5 ant. th. g
II.	V. tr. lg sur à 12 c. à g 7e et 1/2 de cl haut de l'ompl.
	2 fro dét. de 1 br. g à 31 c. 7e sur cl
	VI.

FACSIMILE OF THE ANTHROPOMETRIC CARD OF RAVACHOL THE ANARCHIST. (REVERSE.)

Translation.

Name, Ravachol, Jules.

Aliases, Koenigstein, Francisque.

Born October 11, 1859, at St. Chamond, department of Loire. Son of Jean and Marie Ravachol.

Profession, dyer. Last place of residence, Grande Rue 68 at St. Maudé.

Identifying papers, none.

Offence which is the occasion of the present detention : Destruction of houses and the carrying of explosive appliances.

PARTICULAR MARKS AND SCARS.

I. Round scar .39 inch below left wrist and 1.97 inches above first finger.

Etc., etc., etc.

life, and the ears of no two individuals are ever alike.

The forehead is described according to its inclination, height, and breadth. Thus we have the receding, medium, and vertical inclinations; the low, medium, and great in height; the narrow, medium, and broad in width; and, naturally, all sorts of combinations result. As for the nose, its size is first considered: short, medium, large; then its form. Under the latter point are taken into consideration the bridge, concave, rectilinear, convex; and, when sinuous, concave-sinuous, rectilinear-sinuous, convex-sinuous; and the base, elevated, horizontal, descending.

By means of the descriptive notes on the card, and the profile and full-face photographs, the comparison of these various features is quickly made. Thus, in the case of the rabbit-man, it took but an instant to show that his nose was that of the photograph, large, rectilinear-sinuous, horizontal; that his forehead was medium, high, and broad.

"Come up-stairs and see the photograph gallery," said my guide, "and talk with M. Bertillon."

We mounted the staircase into the mansard, and there, in a low gallery, found the famous anthropologist posing for a sculpture.

"To finish up," he said, "you have an object lesson in photography, for every subject who passes our office—and there are about one hundred a day—has his picture taken. Pose yourself in order to see just what is done."

I posed. The system of photography in use is peculiar to the service, and is the result of its experiments. It is free from all conventional operations, for the photograph is made simply to be recognized. The poses chosen are: A perfect profile, since that gives a sort of anatomical cut of the face; then a full face view, since there one has the habitual expression and the pose of the head. The picture is never retouched, since scars, moles, and spots are such infallible means of identification. Absolute uniformity is sought in the size, form, and style of the different photographs. In order that the distance may be invariable, the chair and camera are screwed to the floor, and there is a perfect system of adjustment. The light is thrown into the face. The result is hard on the subject. One does not care to display his judicial photograph, but for the purpose they are admirably, brutally exact.

With the photograph, the object lesson was done. M. Bertillon then talked of the results of the system as tested in Paris, and its extension in foreign lands. Since the service was organized in Paris ten years ago, upwards of five thousand old offenders have been recognized by means of it. In 1883 the number was forty-nine; in 1892 it had risen to six hundred and eighty. Of course there is a considerable economy in the prompt recognition of a former delinquent, for when an individual attempts to conceal his identity he is detained as a caution on an average of one hundred days, at an expense of about one franc a day. Five thousand persons identified promptly means therefore a saving of about five hundred thousand francs.

But there are still more practical results: the malefactors of a country where the system has been adopted are the first to realize the impossibility of escaping its records. Naturally they seek new territory. Thus the pickpockets of Paris have been materially decreased since anthropometry began its reign at the Palais de Justice. From sixty-five in 1885, their number fell to fourteen in 1890. This exodus of old offenders from France was sensibly felt in the police courts of the neighboring countries, especially in Belgium; and when the latter country adopted the Bertillon system, Switzerland at once followed. She saw that, otherwise, she was going to receive all the incorrigibles and vagabonds of both countries. The professor of penal law at the university of Berne said, in 1890:

"There is no more powerful motive for not committing a crime than the assurance that it will be followed by punishment."

So powerful is the method considered by penal authorities, that there has been a repeated demand that it

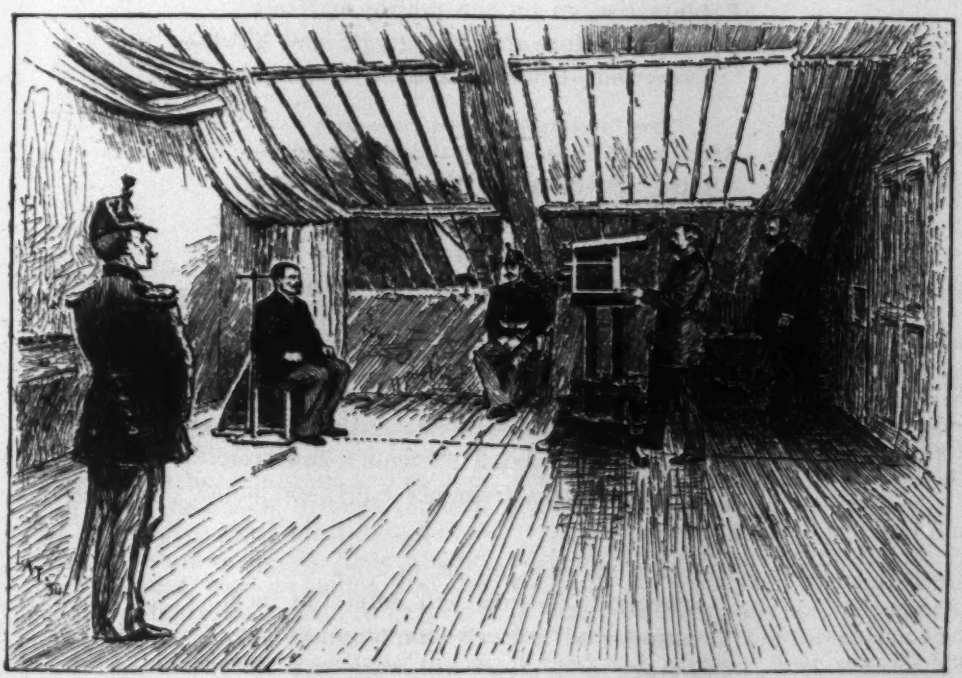
be made international in all civilized countries.

"But your archives, M. Bertillon?" I asked. "Are you not going to use your observations for purely scientific deductions, for anthropological conclusions, as, for instance, to establish a criminal type?"

"Undoubtedly," he responded, "the statistics of the service will be used more and more for ethnographical and anthropological statistics. I have already done something with them. Here is a chart showing the color of the eyes in the different parts of France, from the maroon of the Spanish border to the blue of the Channel; and there is another, giving the relative length and breadth of the head. As for the criminal type, that is a delicate question."

"Then you have never sought to confirm the doctrine of Lombroso's school, that certain anatomical characteristics indicate the criminal?"

"No; I do not feel convinced that it is the lack of symmetry in the visage, or the size of the orbit, or the shape of the jaw, which make a man an evil-doer. A certain characteristic may incapacitate him for fulfilling his duties, thus thrusting him down in the struggle for life, and he becomes a criminal because he is down. Lombroso, for example, might say that, since there is a spot on the eye of the majority of criminals, therefore the spot on the eye indicates a tendency to crime; not at all. The spot is a sign of defective vision, and the man who does not see well is a poorer workman than he who has a strong, keen eyesight. He falls behind in his trade, loses heart, takes to bad ways, and turns up in the criminal ranks. It was not the spot on his eye which made him a criminal; it only prevented his having an equal chance with his comrades. The same thing is true of other so-called criminal signs. One needs to exercise great discretion in making anthropological deductions. Nevertheless, there is no doubt but our archives have much to tell on all questions of criminal anthropology."



PRAIRIE CHILDREN.

By "Ironquill of Kansas."

That is the Duchess of Lullaby Land
  Lying asleep on the velvety sward;
That is an indigo flower in her hand,
Typical emblem of rank and command,
  Symbol heraldic of lady and lord.

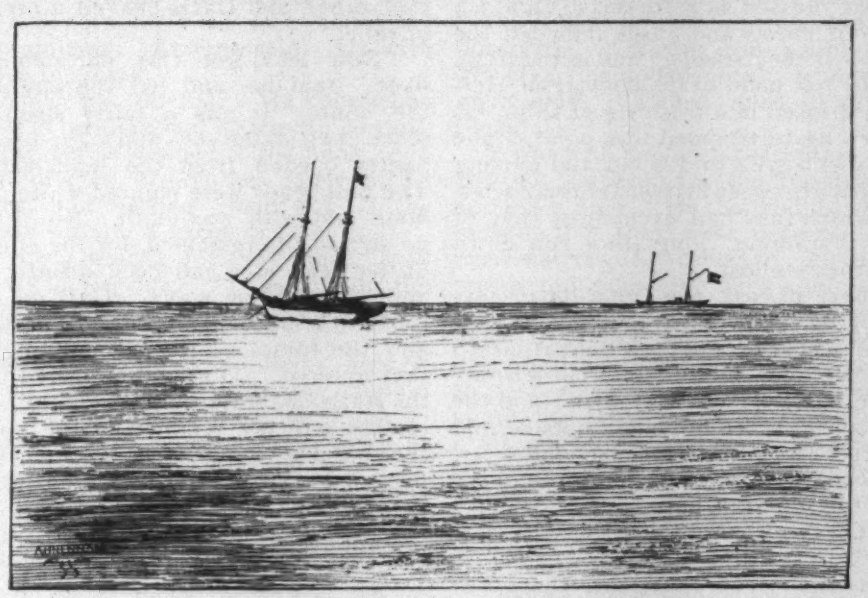
That is her brother asleep at her side:
  He is a duke; and his little red hand
Grapples the ragged old rope that is tied
Into the collar of Rover, the guide—
  Rover, the hero of Lullaby Land.

Fishes come out of the water and walk,
  Chipmunks play marbles, in Lullaby Land.
Rabbits rise up on the prairie and talk;
Goslings go forward, and giggle and gawk—
  Everything chatters, and all understand.

After a while he will sail on the sea—
  Little red duke, on the prairie asleep.
Daring the shot and the shell, he shall be
Admiral, fighting for you and for me—
  Flying the flag o'er the dangerous deep.

Down at the Lido, where billows are blue;
  Back through the vineyards to Florence and Rome:
That is our duchess whom both of us knew;
That is her husband, so tender and true,
  Taking her far from her babyhood home.

Children at play on the prairies to-day
  Bravely to-morrow will enter the race,
Trusting the future whose promises say:
"Courage and effort will work out a way;
  Fortune and fame are not matters of place."



THE EBB TIDE.

A TRIO AND QUARTETTE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE,

Authors of "The Wrecker," etc.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

PART I.—*Continued.*

THE TRIO.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

THE schooner "Farallone" lay well out in the jaws of the pass, where the terrified pilot had made haste to bring her to her moorings and escape. Seen from the beach, through the thin line of shipping, two objects stood conspicuous to seaward—the little isle, on the one hand, with its palms, and the guns and batteries raised forty years before in defence of Queen Pomaré's capital; the outcast "Farallone" upon the other, banished to the threshold of the port, rolling there to her scuppers, and flaunting the plague flag as she rolled. A few sea-birds screamed and cried about the ship, and within easy range a man-of-war guardboat hung off and on, and glittered with the weapons of marines. The exuberant daylight and the blinding heaven of the tropics picked out and framed the picture.

A neat boat, manned by natives in uniform, and steered by the doctor of the port, put from shore towards three of the afternoon, and pulled smartly for the schooner. The foresheets were heaped with sacks of flour, onions, and potatoes, perched among which was

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Huish, dressed as a foremast hand; a heap of chests and cases impeded the action of the oarsmen; and in the stern, by the left hand of the doctor, sat Herrick, dressed in a fresh rig of slops, his brown beard trimmed to a point, a pile of paper novels on his lap, and nursing the while between his feet a chronometer, for which they had exchanged that of the "Farallone," long since run down and the rate lost.

They passed the guardboat, exchanging hails with the boatswain's mate in charge, and drew near at last to the forbidden ship. Not a cat stirred; there was no speech of man; and the sea being exceedingly high outside, and the reef close to where the schooner lay, the clamor of the surf hung round her like the sound of battle.

"*Ché la goelette!*" sang out the doctor, with his best voice.

Instantly, from the house, where they had been stowing away stores, first Davis and then the ragamuffin swarthy crew made their appearance.

"Hullo, Hay, that you?" said the captain, leaning on the rail. "Tell the old man to lay her alongside as if she was eggs. There's a hell of a run of sea here, and his boat's brittle."

The movement of the schooner was at that time more than usually violent. Now she heaved her side as high as a deep-sea steamer's, and showed the flashing of her copper; now she swung swiftly toward the boat until her scuppers gurgled.

"I hope you have sea-legs," observed the doctor. "You will require them."

Indeed, to board the "Farallone," in that exposed position where she lay, was an affair of some dexterity. The less precious goods were hoisted roughly in; the chronometer, after repeated failures, was passed gently and successfully from hand to hand, and there remained only the more difficult business of embarking Huish. Even that piece of dead weight (shipped A. B. at eighteen dollars, and described by the captain to the consul as an invaluable man) was at last hauled on board without mishap, and the doctor, with civil salutations, took his leave.

The three co-adventurers looked at each other, and Davis heaved a breath of relief.

"Now let's get this chronometer fixed," said he, and led the way into the house. It was a fairly spacious place; two staterooms and a good-sized pantry opened from the main cabin. The bulkheads were painted white, the floor laid with wax-cloth. No litter, no sign of life remained, for the effects of the dead men had been disinfected and conveyed on shore. Only on the table, in a saucer, some sulphur burned, and the fumes set them coughing as they entered. The captain peered into the starboard stateroom, where the bedclothes still lay tumbled in the bunk, the blanket flung back as they had flung it back from the disfigured corpse before its burial.

"Now I told those niggers to tumble that truck overboard," grumbled Davis. "Guess they were afraid to lay hands on it. Well, they've hosed the place out; that's as much as can be expected, I suppose. Huish, lay on to these blankets."

"See you blooming well far enough first," said Huish, drawing back.

"What's that?" snapped the captain. "I'll tell you, my young friend, I think you make a mistake. I'm captain here."

"Fat lot I care," returned the clerk.

"That so?" said Davis. "Then you'll berth forward with the niggers! Walk right out of this cabin."

"Oh, I dare say!" said Huish. "See any green in my eye? A lark's a lark."

"Well, now, I'll explain this business, and you'll see (once for all) just precisely how much lark there is to it," said Davis. "I'm captain, and I'm going to be it. One thing of three. First, you take my orders here as cabin steward, in which case you mess with us. Or, second, you refuse, and I pack you forward, and you get as quick as the word's said. Or, third and last, I'll signal that man-of-war and send you ashore under arrest for mutiny."

"And of course I wouldn't blow the gaff? Oh, no!" replied the jeering Huish.

"And who's to believe you, my

son?" inquired the captain. "No, *sir!* There ain't no lark about my captainizing. Enough said. Up with these blankets."

Huish was no fool. He knew when he was beaten; and he was no coward, either, for he stepped to the bunk, took the infected bed-clothes fairly in his arms, and carried them out of the house without a check or tremor.

"I was waiting for the chance," said Davis to Herrick. "I needn't do the same with you, because you understand it for yourself."

"Are you going to berth here?" asked Herrick, following the captain into the stateroom, where he began to adjust the chronometer in its place at the bed-head.

"Not much!" replied he. "I guess I'll berth on deck. I don't know as I'm afraid, but I've no immediate use for confluent small-pox."

"I don't know that I'm afraid either," said Herrick. "But the thought of those two men sticks in my throat—that captain and mate dying here, one opposite to the other. It's grim. I wonder what they said last!"

"Wiseman and Wishart?" said the captain. "Probably mighty small potatoes. That's the thing a fellow figures out for himself one way, and the real business goes quite another. Perhaps Wiseman said, 'Here, old man, fetch up the gin; I'm feeling powerful rocky.' And perhaps Wishart said, 'Oh, hell!'"

"Well, that's grim enough," said Herrick.

"And so it is," said Davis. "There; there's that chronometer fixed. And now it's about time to up anchor and clear out."

He lit a cigar and stepped on deck.

"Here, you! What's *your* name?" he cried to one of the hands, a lean-flanked, clean-built fellow from some far Western island, and of a darkness almost approaching to the African.

"Sally Day," replied the man.

"Devil it is!" said the captain. "Didn't know we had ladies on board. Well, Sally, oblige me by hauling down that rag there. I'll do the same for you another time." He watched the yellow bunting as it was eased past the cross-trees and handed down on deck. "You'll float no more on this ship," he observed. "Muster the people aft, Mr. Hay," he added, speaking unnecessarily loud. "I've a word to say to them."

It was with a singular sensation that Herrick prepared for the first time to address a crew. He thanked his stars, indeed, that they were natives. But even natives, he reflected, might be critics too quick for such a novice as himself; they might perceive some lapse from that precise and cut-and-dry English which prevails on board a ship; it was even possible they understood no other; and he racked his brain, and overhauled his reminiscences of sea romance, for some appropriate words.

"Here, men, tumble aft!" he said at last. "Lively now! All hands aft!"

They crowded in the alleyway like sheep.

"Here they are, sir," said Herrick.

For some time the captain continued to face the stern, then turned with ferocious suddenness on the crew, and seemed to enjoy their shrinking.

"Now," he said, twisting his cigar in his mouth, and toying with the spokes of the wheel, "I'm Captain Brown. I command this ship. This is Mr. Hay, first officer. The other white man is cabin steward, but he'll stand watch and do his trick. My orders shall be obeyed smartly. You savvy, *smartly?* There shall be no growling about the *kaikai*, which will be above allowance. You'll put a handle to the mate's name, and tack on 'sir' to every order I give you. If you're smart and quick, I'll make this ship comfortable for all hands." He took the cigar out of his mouth. "If you're not," he added, in a roaring voice, "I'll make it a floating hell. Now, Mr. Hay, we'll pick watches, if you please."

"All right," said Herrick.

"You will please use 'sir' when you address me, Mr. Hay," said the captain. "I'll take the lady. Step to starboard, Sally." And then he whispered in Herrick's ear: "Take the old man."

"I'll take you there," said Herrick.

"What's your name?" said the captain. "What's that you say? Oh, that's not English; I'll have none of your highway gibberish on my ship. We'll call you old Uncle Ned, because you've got no wool on the top of your head, just the place where the wool ought to grow. Step to port, Uncle. Don't you hear Mr. Hay has picked you? Then I'll take the white man. White Man, step to starboard. Now which of you two is the cook? You? Then Mr. Hay takes your friend in the blue dungaree. Step to port, Dungaree. There! we know who we all are—Dungaree, Uncle Ned, Sally Day, White Man, and Cook. All F.F.V.'s, I guess. And now, Mr. Hay, we'll up anchor, if you please."

"For heaven's sake, tell me some of the words," whispered Herrick.

An hour later the "Farallone" was under all plain sail, the rudder hard a-port, and the cheerfully clanking windlass had brought the anchor home.

"All clear, sir," cried Herrick from the bow.

The captain met her with the wheel, as she bounded like a stag from her repose, trembling and bending to the puffs. The guardboat gave a parting hail, the wake whitened and ran out; the "Farallone" was under way.

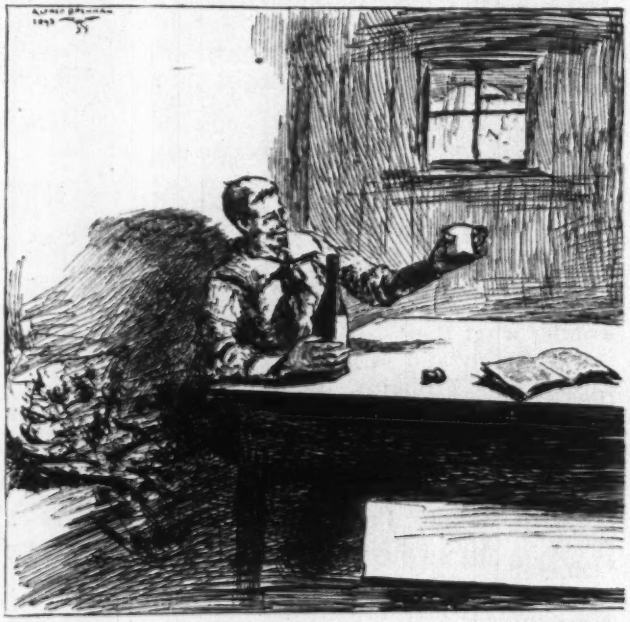
Her berth had been close to the pass. Even as she forged ahead, Davis slewed her for the channel between the pier ends of the reef, the breakers sounding and whitening to either hand. Straight through the narrow band of blue she shot to seaward, and the captain's heart exulted as he felt her tremble under foot and (looking back over the taffrail) beheld the roofs of Papeete changing position on the shore, and the island mountains rearing higher in the wake.

But they were not yet done with the shore and the horror of the yellow flag. About midway of the pass there was a cry and a scurry; a man was seen to leap upon the rail, and, throwing his arms over his head, to stoop and plunge into the sea.

"Steady as she goes," the captain cried, relinquishing the wheel to Huish.

The next moment he was forward, in the midst of the Kanakas, belaying pin in hand.

"Anybody else for shore?" he cried, and the savage trumpeting of his voice, no less than the ready weapon in his hand, struck fear in all. Stupidly they stared after their escaped companion,



whose black head was visible upon the water, steering for the land. And the schooner meanwhile slipped like a racer through the pass, and met the long sea of the open ocean with a souse of spray.

"Fool that I was, not to have a pistol ready!" exclaimed Davis. "Well, we go to sea short-handed; we can't help that. You have a lame watch of it, Mr. Hay."

"I don't see how we are to get along," said Herrick.

"Got to," said the captain. "No more Tahiti for me."

Both turned instinctively and looked astern. The fair island was unfolding,

mountain top on mountain top; Eimeo, on the port board, lifted her splintered pinnacles, and still the schooner raced to the open sea.

"Think!" cried the captain, with a gesture, "yesterday morning I danced for my breakfast like a poodle dog."

CHAPTER V.

THE CARGO OF CHAMPAGNE.

THE ship's head was laid to clear Eimeo to the north, and the captain sat down in the cabin with a chart, a ruler, and an epitome.

"East a half no'the," said he, raising his face from his labors. "Mr. Hay, you'll have to watch her dead reckoning. I want every yard she makes on every hair'sbreadth of a course. I'm going to knock a hole right straight through the Paumotus, and that's always a near touch. Now, if this southeast trade ever blew out of the southeast, which it don't, we might hope to lie within half a point of our course. Say we lie within a point of it. That'll just about weather Fakarava. Yes, sir, that's what we've got to do, if we tack for it. Brings us through this slush of little islands in the cleanest place; see?" And he showed where his ruler intersected the wide-lying labyrinth of the Dangerous Archipelago. "I wish it was night, and I could put her about right now; we're losing time and easting. Well, we'll do our best. And if we don't fetch Peru, we'll bring up to Ecuador. All one, I guess. Depreciated dollars down, and no questions asked. A remarkable fine institootion, the South American don."

Tahiti was already some way astern, the Diadem rising from among broken mountains; Eimeo was already close aboard, and stood black and strange against the golden splendor of the west, when the captain took his departure from the two islands, and the patent log was set.

Some twenty minutes later, Sally Day, who was continually leaving the wheel to peer in at the cabin clock, announced in a shrill cry "Fo' Bell," and the cook was to be seen carrying the soup into the cabin.

"I guess I'll sit down and have a pick with you," said Davis to Herrick. "By the time I've done, it'll be dark, and we'll clap the hooker on the wind for South America."

In the cabin, at one corner of the table, immediately below the lamp, and on the lee side of a bottle of champagne, sat Huish.

"What's this? Where did that come from?" asked the captain.

"It's fizz; and it came from the after-'old, if you want to know," said Huish, and drained his mug.

"This'll never do!" exclaimed Davis, the merchant seaman's honor of breaking into cargo showing incongruously forth on board that stolen ship. "There was never any good came of games like that."

"You byby!" said Huish. "A fellow would think (to 'ear him) we were on the square! And look 'ere, you've put this job up 'andsomely for me, 'aven't you? I'm to go on deck and steer while you two sit and guzzle, and I'm to go by a nickname, and got to call you 'sir' and 'mister.' Well, you look here, my bloke; I'll have fizz *ad lib.*, or it won't wash. I tell you that. And you know mighty well you ain't got any man-of-war to signal now."

Davis was staggered. "I'd give fifty dollars this had never happened," he said weakly.

"Well, it *'as* 'appened, you see," returned Huish. "Try some; it's devilish good."

The Rubicon was crossed without another struggle. The captain filled a mug and drank.

"I wish it was beer," he said with a sigh. "But there's no denying it's the genuine stuff, and cheap at the money. Now, Huish, you clear out and take your wheel."

The little wretch had gained a point, and he was gay. "Ay, ay, sir," said he, and left the others to their meal.

"Pea soup!" exclaimed the captain. "Blamed if I thought I should taste pea soup again!"

Herrick sat inert and silent. It was impossible, after these months of hopeless want, to smell the rough, high-spiced sea victuals without lust, and his mouth watered with desire of the champagne. It was no less impossible to have assisted at the scene between Huish and the captain, and not to perceive, with sudden bluntness, the gulf where he had fallen. He was a thief among thieves. He said it to himself. He could not touch the soup. If he had moved at all, it must have been to leave the table, throw himself overboard, and drown—an honest man.

"Here," said the captain, "you look sick, old man; have a drop of this."

The champagne creamed and bubbled in the mug; its bright color, its lively effervescence seized his eye. "It is too late to hesitate," he thought. His hand took the mug instinctively; he drank, with unquenchable pleasure and desire of more; drained the vessel dry, and set it down with sparkling eyes.

"There is something in life after all!" he cried. "I had forgot what it was like. Yes, even this is worth while. Wine, food, dry clothes—why, they're worth dying, worth hanging for! Captain, tell me one thing: why aren't all the poor folk foot-pads?"

"Give it up," said the captain.

"They must be damned good," cried Herrick. "There's something here beyond me. Think of that calaboose! Suppose we were sent suddenly back." He shuddered as though stung by a convulsion, and buried his face in his clutching hands.

"Here, what's wrong with you?" cried the captain. There was no reply; only Herrick's shoulders heaved so that the table was shaken. "Take some more of this. Here, drink this. I order you to! Don't start crying when you're out of the wood."

"I'm not crying," said Herrick, raising his face and showing his dry eyes. "It's worse than crying. It's the horror of that grave that we've escaped from."

"Come, now, you tackle your soup; that'll fix you," said Davis, kindly. "I told you you were all broken up. You couldn't have stood out another week."

"That's the dreadful part of it!" cried Herrick. "Another week, and I'd have murdered some one for a dollar! God! and I know that? And I'm still living? It's some beastly dream."

"Quietly, quietly! Quietly does it, my son. Take your pea soup. Food—that's what you want," said Davis.

The soup strengthened and quieted Herrick's nerves; another glass of wine, and a piece of pickled pork and fried banana completed what the soup began, and he was able once more to look the captain in the face.

"I didn't know I was so much run down," he said.

"Well," said Davis, "you were as steady as a rock all day; now you've had a little lunch, you'll be as steady as a rock again."

"Yes," was the reply, "I'm steady enough now, but I'm a queer kind of a first officer."

"Shucks!" cried the captain. "You've only got to mind the ship's course, and keep your slate to half a point. A babby could do that; let alone a college graduate like you. There ain't nothing *to* sailoring, when you come to look it in the face. And now we'll go and put her about. Bring the slate; we'll have to start our dead reckoning right away."

The distance run since the departure was read off the log by the binnacle light, and entered on the slate.

"Ready about," said the captain. "Give me the wheel, White Man, and you stand by the mainsheet. Boom tackle, Mr. Hay, please, and then you can jump forward and attend head sails."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Herrick.

"All clear forward?" asked Davis.

"All clear, sir."

"Hard a-lee!" cried the captain.

"Haul in your slack as she comes," he called to Huish. "Haul in your slack; put your back into it; keep your feet out of the coils." A sudden blow sent Huish flat along the deck, and the captain was in his place. "Pick yourself up and keep the wheel hard over!" he roared. "You wooden fool, you wanted to get killed, I guess. Draw the jib," he cried a moment later; and then to Huish, "Give me the wheel again, and see if you can coil that sheet."

But Huish stood and looked at Davis with an evil countenance. "Do you know you struck me?" said he.

"Do you know I saved your life?" returned the other, not deigning to look at him; his eyes travelling, instead, between the compass and the sails. "Where would you have been if that boom had swung out and you bundled in the slack? No, *sir;* we'll have no more of you at the mainsheet. Seaport towns are full of mainsheet-men; they hop upon one leg, my son, what's left of them, and the rest are dead. (Set your boom tackle, Mr. Hay.) Struck you, did I? Lucky for you I did."

"Well," said Huish, slowly, "I dessay there may be somethink in that. 'Ope there is." He turned his back elaborately on the captain, and entered the house, where the speedy explosion of a champagne cork showed he was attending to his comfort.

Herrick came aft to the captain. "How is she doing now?" he asked.

"East and by no'the a half no'the," said Davis. "It's about as good as I expected."

"What'll the hands think of it?" said Herrick.

"Oh, they don't think. They ain't paid to," said the captain.

"There was something wrong, was there not, between you and—" Herrick paused.

"That's a nasty little beast; that's a biter," replied the captain, shaking his head. "But so long as you and me hang in, it don't matter."

Herrick lay down in the weather alleyway; the night was cloudless; the movement of the ship cradled him; he was oppressed, besides, by the first generous meal after so long a time of famine, and he was recalled from deep sleep by the voice of Davis singing out: "Eight bells!"

He rose stupidly and staggered aft, where the captain gave him the wheel.

"By the wind," said the captain. "It comes a little puffy; when you get a heavy puff, steal all you can to windward, but keep her a good full."

He stepped towards the house, paused,

and hailed the forecastle: "Got such a thing as a concertina forward?" said he. "Bully for you, Uncle Ned. Fetch it aft, will you?"

The schooner steered very easy; and Herrick, watching the moon-whitened sails, was overpowered by drowsiness. A sharp report from the cabin startled him; a third bottle had been opened; and Herrick remembered the "Sea Ranger" and Fourteen Island Group. Presently the notes of the accordion sounded, and then the captain's voice:

"O honey, with our pockets full of money,
We will trip, trip, trip, we will trip it on the quay;
And I will dance with Kate, and Tom will dance with Sall,
When we're all back from South Amerikee."

So it went to its quaint air; and the watch below lingered and listened by the forward door, and Uncle Ned was to be seen in the moonlight nodding time, and Herrick smiled at the wheel, his anxieties awhile forgotten. Song followed song; another cork exploded; there were voices raised, as though the pair in the cabin were in disagreement; and presently it seemed the breach was healed, for it was now the voice of Huish that struck up, to the captain's accompaniment:

"Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon,
Up among the little stars,
All around the moon."

A wave of nausea overcame Herrick at the wheel. He wondered why the air, the words (which were yet written with a certain knack), and the voice and accent of the singer, should all jar his spirit like a file on a man's teeth. He sickened at the thought of his two comrades drinking away their reason upon stolen wine, quarrelling and hiccupping and waking up, while the doors of a prison yawned for them in the near future. "Shall I have sold my honor for nothing?" he thought; and a heat of rage and resolution glowed in his bosom — rage against his comrades, resolution to carry through this business if it might be carried; pluck profit out of shame, since the shame at least was now inevitable; and come home, home from South America—how did the song go?—"with his pockets full of money:"

"O honey, with our pockets full of money,
We will trip, trip, trip, we will trip it on the quay."

So the words ran in his head, and the "honey" took on visible form; the quay rose before him, and he knew it for the lamplit Embankment, and he saw the lights of Battersea bridge bestride the sullen river. All through the remainder of his trick he stood entranced, reviewing the past. He had been always true to his love, but not always sedulous to recall her. In the growing calamity of his life, she had swum more distant, like the moon in mist. The letter of farewell, the dishonorable hope that had surprised and corrupted him in his distress, the changed scene, the sea, the night, and the music—all stirred him to the roots of manhood. "I *will* win her," he thought, and ground his teeth. "Fair or foul, what matters if I win her?"

"Fo' bell, matey. I think um fo' bell." He was suddenly recalled by these words in the voice of Uncle Ned.

"Look in at the clock, Uncle," said he. He would not look himself from horror of the tipplers.

"Him past, matey," repeated the Hawaiian.

"So much the better for you, Uncle," he replied; and he gave up the wheel, repeating the directions as he had received them.

He took two steps forward and remembered his dead reckoning. "How has she been heading?" he thought; and he flushed from head to foot. He had not observed, or had forgotten; here was the old incompetence; the slate must be filled up by guess. "Never again!" he vowed to himself in silent fury, "never again. It shall be no fault of mine if this miscarry." And for the remainder of his watch he stood close by Uncle Ned, and read the face of the compass as, perhaps, he had never read a letter from his sweetheart.

All the time, and spurring him to the more attention, song, loud talk,

fleering laughter, and the occasional popping of a cork reached his ears from the interior of the house; and when the port watch was relieved at midnight, Huish and the captain appeared upon the quarter-deck with flushed faces and uneven steps, the former laden with bottles, the latter with the two tin mugs. Herrick silently passed them by. They hailed him in thick voices; he made no answer. They cursed him for a churl; he paid no heed, although his belly quivered with disgust and rage. He closed to the door of the house behind him, and cast himself on a locker in the cabin—not to sleep, he thought; rather to think and to despair. Yet he had scarce turned twice on his uneasy bed before a drunken voice hailed him in the ear, and he must go on deck again to stand the morning watch.

The first evening set the model for those that were to follow. Two cases of champagne scarce lasted the four and twenty hours, and almost the whole was drunk by Huish and the captain. Huish seemed to thrive on the excess. He was never sober, yet never wholly tipsy; the food and the sea air had soon healed him of his disease, and he began to lay on flesh. But with Davis things went worse. In the drooping, unbuttoned figure that sprawled all day upon the lockers, tippling and reading novels, in the fool who made of the evening watch a public carouse on the quarter-deck, it would have been hard to recognize the vigorous seaman of Papeete roads. He kept himself reasonably well in hand till he had taken the sun and yawned and blotted through his calculations; but, from the moment he rolled up the chart, his hours were passed in slavish self-indulgence or in hoggish slumber. Every other branch of his duty was neglected, except maintaining a stern discipline about the dinner table. Again and again, Herrick would hear the cook called aft, and see him running with fresh tins, or carrying away again a meal that had been totally condemned. And the more the captain became sunk in drunkenness, the more delicate his palate showed itself. Once, in the forenoon, he had a bo'sun's chair rigged over the rail, stripped to his trousers, and went overboard with a pot of paint. "I don't like the way this schooner's painted," said he, "and I'll take a turn upon her name." But he tired of it in half an hour, and the schooner went on her way with an incongruous patch of color on the stern, and the word "Farallone" part obliterated and part looking through. He refused to stand either the middle or the morning watch. It was fine-weather sailing, he said; and asked, with a laugh, "Who ever heard of the old man standing watch himself?" To the dead reckoning which Herrick still tried to keep, he would pay not the least attention nor afford the least assistance.

"What do we want of dead reckoning?" he asked. "We get the sun all right, don't we?"

"We mayn't get it always, though," objected Herrick. "And you told me yourself you weren't sure of the chronometer."

"Oh, there ain't no flies in the chronometer!" cried Davis.

"Oblige me so far, captain," said Herrick, stiffly. "I am anxious to keep this reckoning, which is a part of my duty. I do not know what to allow for current, nor how to allow for it. I am too inexperienced, and I beg of you to help me."

"Never discourage zealous officer," said the captain, unrolling the chart again, for Herrick had taken him over his day's work, and while he was still partly sober. "Here it is; look for yourself; anything from the west-no'the-west, and anyways from five to twenty-five miles. That's what the A'm'ralty chart says. I guess you don't expect to get on ahead of your own Britishers?"

"I am trying to do my duty, Captain Brown," said Herrick, with a dark flush; "and I have the honor to inform you that I don't enjoy being trifled with."

"What in thunder do you want?" roared Davis. "Go and look at the blamed wake. If you're trying to do your duty, why don't you go and do it? I guess it's no business of mine to go and stick my head over the ship's rump. I guess it's yours. And I'll tell you what it is, my fine fellow, I'll trouble

you not to come the dude over me. You're insolent ; that's what's wrong with you. Don't you crowd me, Mr. Herrick, Esquire."

Herrick tore up his papers, threw them on the floor, and left the cabin.

"He's turned a bloomin' swot, ain't he?" sneered Huish.

"He thinks himself too good for his company ; that what ails Herrick, Esquire," raged the captain. "He thinks I don't understand when he comes the heavy swell. Won't sit down with us, won't he? Won't say a civil word? I'll serve the son of a gun as he deserves. By God, Huish, I'll show him whether he's too good for John Davis!"

"Easy with the names, Cap'," said Huish, who was always the more sober. "Easy over the stones, my boy!"

"All right, I will. You're a good sort, Huish. I didn't take to you at first, but I guess you're right enough. Le's open another bottle," said the captain; and that day, perhaps because he was excited by the quarrel, he drank more recklessly, and by four o'clock was stretched insensible upon the locker.

Herrick and Huish supped alone, one after the other, opposite his flushed and snorting body. And if the sight killed Herrick's hunger, the isolation weighed so heavily on the clerk's spirit that he was scarce risen from table ere he was currying favor with his former comrade.

Herrick was at the wheel when he approached, and Huish leaned confidentially across the binnacle.

"I say, old chappie," he said, "you and me don't seem to be such pals, somehow."

Herrick gave her a spoke or two in silence ; his eye, as it skirted from the needle to the luff of the foresail, passed the man by without speculation. But Huish was really dull, a thing he could support with difficulty, having no resources of his own. The idea of a private talk with Herrick, at this stage of their relations, held out particular inducements to a person of his character. Drink, besides, as it renders some men hyper-sensitive, made Huish callous; and it would almost have required a blow to make him quit his purpose.

"Pretty business, ain't it?" he continued. "Dyvis on the lush! Must say I thought you gave it 'im A-one today. He didn't like it a bit ; took on hawful after you were gone. 'Ere,' says I, 'old on; easy on the lush,' I says. 'Errick was right, and you know it. Give 'im a chanst,' I says. 'Uish,' sezee, 'don't you gimme no more of your jaw, or I'll knock your bloomin' eyes out.' Well, wot can I do, 'Errick? But I tell you, I don't 'arf like it. It looks to me like the 'Sea Rynger' over again."

Still Herrick was silent.

"Do you 'ear me speak?" asked Huish, sharply. "You're pleasant, ain't you?"

"Stand away from that binnacle," said Herrick.

The clerk looked at him, long and straight and black ; his figure seemed to writhe like that of a snake about to strike; then he turned on his heel, went back to the cabin, and opened a bottle of champagne. When eight bells were cried, he slept on the floor beside the captain on the locker ; and of the whole starboard watch, only Sally Day appeared upon the summons. The mate proposed to stand the watch with him, and let Uncle Ned lie down. It would make twelve hours on deck, and probably sixteen ; but in this fair-weather sailing, he might safely sleep between his tricks of wheel, leaving orders to be called on any sign of squalls. So far he could trust the men, between whom and himself a close relation had sprung up. With Uncle Ned he held long nocturnal conversations, and the old man told him his simple and hard story of exile, suffering, and injustice among cruel whites. The cook, when he found Herrick messed alone, produced for him unexpected and sometimes unpalatable dainties, of which he forced himself to eat. And one day, when he was forward, he was surprised to feel a caressing hand run down his shoulder, and to hear the voice of Sally Day crooning in his ear: "You gootch man!" He turned, and, choking down a sob, shook hands with the negrito. They were kindly, cheery, childish souls. Upon the Sunday each brought forth his separate Bible ; for they were all men of alien speech, even to each other, and

Sally Day communicated with his mates in English only. Each read, or made believe to read, his chapter, Uncle Ned with spectacles on nose, and they would all join together in the singing of missionary hymns. It was thus a cutting reproof to compare the islanders and the whites aboard the "Farallone." Shame ran in Herrick's blood to remember what employment he was on, and to see these poor souls—and even Sally Day, the child of cannibals, in all likelihood a cannibal himself—so faithful to what they knew of good. The fact that he was held in grateful favor by these innocents served like blinders to his conscience, and there were times when he was inclined, with Sally Day, to call himself a good man. But the height of his favor was only now to appear. With one voice the crew protested. Ere Herrick knew what they were doing, the cook was aroused, and came a willing volunteer; all hands clustered about their mate with expostulations and caresses, and he was bidden to lie down and take his customary rest without alarm.

"He tell you tlue," said Uncle Ned. "You sleep. Evely man hea he do all light. Evely man he like you too much."

Herrick struggled and gave way, choked upon some trivial words of gratitude, and walked to the side of the house, against which he leaned, struggling with emotion.

Uncle Ned presently followed him, and begged him to lie down.

"It's no use, Uncle Ned," he replied. "I couldn't sleep. I'm knocked over with all your goodness."

"Ah, no call me Uncle Ned no mo'!" cried the old man. "No my name! My name Taveeta, all-e-same Taveeta, King of Islael. Wat for he call that Hawaii? I think no savvy nothing—all-e-same Wise-a-mana."

It was the first time the name of the late captain had been mentioned, and Herrick grasped the occasion. The reader shall be spared Uncle Ned's unwieldy dialect, and learn, in less embarrassing English, the sum of what he now communicated. The ship had scarce cleared the Golden Gate before the captain and mate had entered on a career of drunkenness, which was scarcely interrupted by their malady, and only closed by death. For days and weeks they had encountered neither land nor ship; and, seeing themselves lost on the huge deep with their insane conductors, the natives had drunk deep of terror. At length they made a low island, and went in; and Wiseman and Wishart landed in the boat.

There was a great village, a very fine village, and plenty Kanakas in that place, but all mighty serious; and, from every here and there in the back parts of the settlement, Taveeta heard the sounds of island lamentation. "I no savvy *talk* that island," said he. "I savvy hear um *cly*. I think, Hum! too many people die here!" But upon Wiseman and Wishart the significance of that barbaric keening was lost. Full of bread and drink, they rollicked along, unconcerned; embraced the girls, who had scarce energy to repel them; took up and joined (with drunken voices) in the death wail; and at last (on what they took to be an invitation) entered under the roof of a house in which was a considerable concourse of people sitting silent. They stooped below the eaves, flushed and laughing; within a minute they came forth again with changed faces and silenced tongues; and, as the press severed to make way for them, Taveeta was able to perceive, in the deep shadow of the house, the sick man raising from his mat a head already defeatured by disease. The two tragic triflers fled, without hesitation, for their boat, screaming on Taveeta to make haste. They came aboard with all speed of oars, raised anchor, and crowded sail upon the ship with blows and curses, and were at sea again—and again drunk—before sunset. A week after, and the last of the two had been committed to the deep. Herrick asked Taveeta where that island was, and he replied that, by what he gathered of folks' talk as they went up together from the beach, he supposed it must be one of the Paumotus. This was in itself probable enough, for the Dangerous Archipelago had been swept that year from east to west by devastating small-pox; but Herrick thought it a strange course

to lie from Sydney. Then he remembered the drink.

"Were they not surprised when they made the island?" he asked.

"Wise-a-mana he say, 'Dam! what this?'" was the reply.

"Oh, that's it, then," said Herrick. "I don't believe they knew where they were."

"I think so too," said Uncle Ned. "I think no savvy. This one mo' betta," he added, pointing to the house where the drunken captain slumbered. "Take-a-sun all-e-time."

The implied last touch completed Herrick's picture of the life and death of his two predecessors; of their prolonged, sordid, sodden sensuality as they sailed, they knew not whither, on their last cruise. He held but a twinkling and unsure belief in any future state; the thought of one of punishment he derided; yet for him (as for all) there dwelt a horror about the end of the brutish man. Sickness fell upon him at the image thus called up; and when he compared it with the scene in which himself was acting, and considered the doom that seemed to brood upon the schooner, a horror that was almost superstitious fell upon him. And yet the strange thing was, he did not falter. He who had proved his incapacity in so many fields, being now falsely placed amid duties which he did not understand, without help, and, it might be said, without countenance, had hitherto surpassed expectation; and even the shameful misconduct and shocking disclosures of that night seemed but to nerve and strengthen him. He had sold his honor; he vowed it should not be in vain. "It shall be no fault of mine if this miscarry," he repeated. And in his heart he wondered at himself. Living rage, no doubt, supported him; no doubt, also, the sense of the last cast, of the ships burned, of all doors closed but one, which is so strong a tonic to the merely weak, and so deadly a depressant to the merely cowardly.

For some time the voyage went otherwise well. They weathered Fakarava with one board; and, the wind holding well to the southward and blowing fresh, they passed between Ranaka and Ratiu, and ran some days, northeast by east half east, under the lee of Takume and Honden, neither of which they made. In about fourteen south and between one hundred and thirty-four and one hundred and thirty-five west, it fell a dead calm, with rather a heavy sea. The captain refused to take in sail; the helm was lashed, no watch was set, and the "Farallone" rolled and banged for three days, according to observation, in almost the same place. The fourth morning, a little before day, a breeze sprang up and rapidly freshened. The captain had drunk hard the night before; he was far from sober when he was roused; and when he came on deck for the first time, at half past eight, it was plain he had already drunk deep again at breakfast. Herrick avoided his eye, and resigned the deck, with indignation, to a man more than half seas over. By the loud commands of the captain and the singing out of fellows at the ropes, he could judge from the house that sail was being crowded on the ship; relinquished his half-eaten breakfast, and came on deck again, to find the main and the jib topsails set, and both watches and the cook turned out to hand the staysail. The "Farallone" lay already far over; the sky was obscured with misty scud; and from the windward an ominous squall came flying up, broadening and blackening as it rose.

Fear thrilled in Herrick's vitals. He saw death hard by, and, if not death, sure ruin; for if the "Farallone" lived through the coming squall, she must surely be dismasted. With that, their enterprise was at an end, and they themselves bound prisoners to the very evidence of their crime. The greatness of the peril and his own alarm sufficed to silence him. Pride, wrath, and shame raged without issue in his mind, and he shut his teeth and folded his arms close.

The captain sat in the boat to windward, bellowing orders and insults, his eyes glazed, his face deeply congested, a bottle set between his knees, a glass in his hand, half empty. His back was to the squall, and he was at first intent upon the setting of the

sail. When that was done, and the great trapezium of canvas had begun to draw and to trail the lee-rail of the "Farallone" level with the foam, he laughed out an empty laugh, drained his glass, sprawled back among the lumber in the boat, and fetched out a crumpled novel.

Herrick watched him, and his indignation glowed red-hot. He glanced to windward, where the squall already whitened the near sea, and already heralded its coming with a singular and dismal sound. He glanced at the steersman, and saw him clinging to the spokes with a face of a sickly blue. He saw the crew were running to their stations without orders, and it seemed as if something broke in his brain; and the passion of anger, so long restrained, so long eaten in secret, burst suddenly loose, and filled and shook him like a sail. He stepped across to the captain, and smote his hand heavily on the drunkard's shoulder.

"You brute," he said, in a voice that tottered, "look behind you!"

"Wha's that?" cried Davis, bounding in the boat and upsetting the champagne.

"You lost the 'Sea Ranger' because you were a drunken sot," said Herrick. "Now you're going to lose the 'Farallone.' You're going to drown here the same way as you drowned others, and be damned. And your daughter shall walk the streets, and your sons be thieves like their father."

For the moment, the words struck the captain white and foolish. "My God!" he cried, looking at Herrick as upon a ghost; "my God, Herrick!"

"Look behind you, then!" reiterated the assailant.

The wretched man, already partly sobered, did as he was told, and in the same breath of time leaped to his feet.

"Down staysail!" he trumpeted. The hands were thrilling for the order, and the great sail came with a run, and fell half overboard among the racing foam. "Jib topsail halyards! Let the stays'l be," he said again.

But before it was well uttered, the squall shouted aloud and fell, in a solid mass of wind and rain commingled, on the "Farallone," and she stooped under the blow, and lay like a thing dead. From the mind of Herrick reason fled; he clung in the weather rigging, exulting; he was done with life, and he gloried in the release; he gloried in the wild noises of the wind and the choking onslaught of the rain; he gloried to die so, and now, amid this coil of the elements. And meanwhile, in the waist, up to his knees in water—so low the schooner lay—the captain was hacking at the foresheet with a pocket-knife. It was a question of seconds, for the "Farallone" drank deep of the encroaching seas. But the hand of the captain had the advance. The foresail boom tore apart the last

strands of the sheet, and crashed to leeward; the "Farallone" leaped up into the wind and righted; and the peak and throat halyards, which had long been let go, began to run at the same instant.

For some ten minutes more she careered under the impulse of the squall; but the captain was now master of himself and of his ship, and all danger at an end. And then, sudden as a trick change upon the stage, the squall blew by, the wind dropped into light airs, the sun beamed forth again upon the tattered schooner; and the captain, having secured the foresail boom, and set a couple of hands to the pump, walked aft, sober, a little pale, and with the sodden end of a cigar still stuck between his teeth, even as the squall had found it. Herrick followed him. He could scarce recall the violence of his late emotions, but he felt there was a scene to go through, and he was anxious and even eager to go through with it.

The captain, turning at the house end, met him face to face, and averted his eyes. "We've lost the two tops'ls and the stays'l," he gabbled. "Good business we didn't lose any sticks. I guess you think we're all the better without the kites."

"That's not what I'm thinking," said Herrick, in a voice strangely quiet, that yet echoed confusion in the captain's mind.

"I know that," he cried, holding up his hand. "I know what you're thinking. No use to say it now. I'm sober."

"I have to say it, though," returned Herrick.

"Hold on, Herrick; you've said enough," said Davis. "You've said what I would take from no man breathing but yourself; only I know it's true."

"I have to tell you, Captain Brown," pursued Herrick, "that I resign my position as mate. You can put me in irons or shoot me, as you please. I will make no resistance; only I decline in any way to help or to obey you; and I suggest you should put Mr. Huish in my place. He will make a worthy first officer to your captain, sir." He smiled, bowed, and turned to walk forward.

"Where are you going, Herrick?" cried the captain, detaining him by the shoulder.

"To berth forward with the men, sir," replied Herrick, with the same hateful smile. "I've been long enough aft here with you—gentlemen."

"You're wrong there," said Davis. "Don't you be too quick with me; there ain't nothing wrong but the drink—it's the old story, man! Let me get sober once, and then you'll see," he pleaded.

"Excuse me, I desire to see no more of you," said Herrick.

The captain groaned aloud. "You know what you said about my children?" he broke out.

"By rote. In case you wish me to say it to you again?" asked Herrick.

"Don't!" cried the captain, clapping his hands to his ears. "Don't make me kill a man I care for! Herrick, if you see me put a glass to my lips again till we're ashore, I give you leave to put a bullet through me. I beg you to it! You're the only man aboard whose carcass is worth losing. Do you think I don't know that? Do you think I ever went back on you? I always knew that you were in the right of it; drunk or sober, I knew that. What do you want? An oath? Man, you're clever enough to see that this is sure-enough earnest."

"Do you mean there shall be no more drinking," asked Herrick; "neither by you nor Huish? That you won't go on stealing my profits and drinking my champagne, that I gave my honor for? And that you'll attend to your duties, and stand watch and watch, and bear your proper share of the ship's work, instead of leaving it all on the shoulders of a landsman, and making yourself the butt and scoff of native seamen? Is that what you mean? If it is, be so good as to say it categorically."

"You put these things in a way hard for a gentleman to swallow," said the captain. "You wouldn't have me say I was ashamed of myself? Trust me this once! I'll do the square thing, and there's my hand on it."

"Well, I'll try it once," said Herrick. "Fail me again——"

"No more, now!" interrupted Davis.

"No more, old man! Enough said. You've a riling tongue when your back's up, Herrick. Just be glad we're friends again, the same as what I am, and go tender on the raws. I'll see as you don't repent it. We've been mighty near death this day—don't say whose fault it was!—pretty near hell too, I guess. We're in a mighty bad line of life, us two, and ought to go easy with each other."

He was maundering; yet it seemed as if he were maundering with some design, beating about the bush of some communication that he feared to make, or perhaps only talking against time, in terror of what Herrick might say next. But Herrick had now spat his venom. His was a kindly nature, and, content with his triumph, he had now begun to pity. With a few soothing words he sought to conclude the interview, and proposed that they should change their clothes.

"Not right yet," said Davis. "There's another thing I want to tell you first. You know what you said about my children? I want to tell you why it hit me so hard; I kind of think you'll feel bad about it too. It's about my little Ada. You hadn't ought to have quite said that—but of course I know you didn't know. She—she's dead, you see."

"Why, Davis!" cried Herrick. "You've told me a dozen times she was alive! Clear your head, man! This must be the drink."

"No, *sir*," said Davis. "She's dead, right enough. Died of a bowel complaint. That was when I was away in the brig 'Oregon.' She lies in Portland, Maine. 'Adar, only daughter of Captain John Davis and Mariar his wife, aged five.' I had a doll for her on board. I never took the paper off'n that doll, Herrick; it went down the way it was, with the 'Sea Ranger,' that day I was damned."

The captain's eyes were fixed on the horizon; he talked with an extraordinary softness, but a complete composure; and Herrick looked upon him with something that was almost terror.

"Don't think I'm crazy, neither," resumed Davis. "I've all the cold sense that I know what to do with. But I guess a man that's unhappy's like a child; and this is a kind of a child's game of mine. I never could act up to the plain-cut truth, you see; so I pretend. And I warn you square; as soon as we're through with this talk, I'll start in again with the pretending. Only, you see, she can't walk no streets," added the captain; "couldn't even make out to live and get that doll!"

Herrick laid a tremulous hand upon the captain's shoulder.

"Don't do that!" cried Davis, recoiling from the touch. "Can't you see I'm all broken up the way it is? Come along, then; come along, old man. You can put your trust in me right through. Come along and get dry clothes."

They entered the cabin, and there was Huish on his knees, prizing open a case of champagne.

"'Vast, there!" cried the captain. "No more of that. No more drinking on this ship."

"Turned teetotal, 'ave you?" inquired Huish. "I'm agreeable. About time, eh? Bloomin' nearly lost another ship, I fancy." He took out a bottle, and began calmly to burst the wire with the spike of a corkscrew.

"Do you hear me speak?" cried Davis.

"I suppose I do. You speak loud enough," said Huish. "The trouble is that I don't care."

Herrick plucked the captain's sleeve. "Let him free now," said he; "we've had all we want this evening."

"Let him have it, then," said the captain. "It's his last."

By this time the wire was open, the string was cut, the head of gilded paper was torn away, and Huish waited, mug in hand, expecting the usual explosion. It did not follow. He eased the cork with his thumb; still there was no result. At last he took the screw and drew it. It came out very easy and with scarce a sound.

"'Illo!" said Huish, "'ere's a bad bottle."

He poured some of the wine into the mug; it was colorless and still. He smelt and tasted it.

"W'y, wot's this?" he said. "It's water!"

If the voice of trumpets had suddenly sounded about the ship in the midst of the sea, the three men in the house could scarce have been more stunned than by this incident. The mug passed round; each sipped, each smelt of it; each stared at the bottle, in its glory of gold paper, as Crusoe may have stared at the footprint; and their minds were swift to fix upon a common apprehension. The difference between a bottle of champagne and a bottle of water is not great; between a shipload of one or of the other lay the whole scale from riches to ruin.

A second bottle was broached. There were two cases standing ready in a stateroom. These two were brought out, broken open and tested; still with the same result: the contents were still colorless and tasteless, and dead as the rain in a beached fishing-boat.

"Crickey!" said Huish.

"Here, let's sample the hold!" said the captain, mopping his brow with a back-handed sweep; and the three stalked out of the house, grim and heavy-footed.

All hands were turned out; two Kanakas were sent below, another stationed at a purchase, and Davis, axe in hand, took his place beside the coaming.

"Are you going to let the men know?" whispered Herrick.

"Damn the men!" said Davis. "It's beyond that. We've got to know ourselves."

Three cases were sent on deck and sampled in turn; from each bottle, as the captain smashed it with the axe, the champagne ran bubbling and creaming.

"Go deeper, can't you?" cried Davis to the Kanakas in the hold.

The command gave the signal for a disastrous change. Case after case came up, bottle after bottle was burst, and bled mere water. Deeper yet, and they came upon a layer where there was scarcely so much as the intention to deceive; where the cases were no longer branded, the bottles no longer wired or papered; where the fraud was manifest, and stared them in the face.

"Here's about enough of this foolery!" said Davis. "Stow back the cases in the hold, Uncle, and get the broken crockery overboard. Come with me," he added to his co-adventurers, and led the way back into the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTNERS.

EACH took a side of the fixed table. It was the first time they had sat down at it together; but now all sense of incongruity, all memory of differences, was quite swept away by the presence of common ruin.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, after a pause, and with very much the air of a chairman opening a board-meeting, "we're sold."

Huish broke out in laughter. "Well, if this ain't the 'ighest old rig!" he cried. "And Davis 'ere, who thought he had got up so bloomin' early in the mornin'! We've stolen a cargo of spring water! Oh, my crickey!" and he squirmed with mirth.

The captain managed to screw out a phantom smile.

"Here's Old Man Destiny again," said he to Herrick; "but this time I guess he's kicked the door right in."

Herrick only shook his head.

"Oh, Lord, it's rich!" laughed Huish. "It would really be a scrumptious lark if it 'ad 'appened to somebody else. And wot are we to do next? Oh, my eye! with this bloomin' schooner, too."

"That's the trouble," said Davis. "There's only one thing certain: it's no use carting this old glass and ballast to Peru. No, *sir*, we're in a hole."

"Oh my! and the merchant!" cried Huish; "the man that made this shipment! He'll get the news by the mail brigantine, and he'll think, of course, we're making straight for Sydney."

"Yes, he'll be a sick merchant," said the captain. "One thing: this explains the Kanaka crew. If you're going to lose a ship, I would ask no better myself than a Kanaka crew. But there's one thing it don't explain;

it don't explain why she came down Tahiti ways."

"W'y to lose her, you byby!" said Huish.

"A lot you know," said the captain. "Nobody wants to lose a schooner; they want to lose her *on her course*, you skeericks! You seem to think underwriters haven't got enough sense to come in out of the rain."

"Well," said Herrick, "I can tell you, I am afraid, why she came so far to the eastward. I had it of Uncle Ned. It seems these two unhappy devils, Wiseman and Wishart, were drunk on the champagne from the beginning, and died drunk at the end."

The captain looked on the table.

"They lay in their two bunks, or sat here in this damned house," he pursued, with rising agitation, "filling their skins with the accursed stuff, till sickness took them. As they sickened and the fever rose, they drank the more. They lay here howling and groaning, drunk and dying, all in one. They didn't know where they were, they didn't care. They didn't even take the sun, it seems."

"Not take the sun?" cried the captain, looking up. "Sacred Billy! What a crowd!"

"Well, it don't matter to Joe!" said Huish. "Wot are Wiseman and the t'other buffer to us?"

"A good deal, too," said the captain. "We're their heirs, I guess."

"It is a great inheritance," said Herrick.

"Well, I don't know about that," returned Davis. "Appears to me as if it might be worse. 'Tain't what the cargo would have been, of course; at least, not money down. But I'll tell you what it appears to figure up to. Appears to me as if it amounted to about the bottom dollar of the man in 'Frisco."

"'Old on," said Huish. "Give a fellow time. 'Ow's this, umpire?"

"Well, my sons," pursued the captain, who seemed to have recovered his assurance, "Wiseman and Wishart were to be paid for casting away this old schooner and its cargo. We're going to cast away the schooner right enough, and I'll make it my private business to see that we get paid. What were W. and W. to get? That's more'n I can tell. But W. and W. went into this business themselves; they were on the crook. Now *we're* on the square; *we* only stumbled into it; and that merchant has just got to squeal, and I'm the man to see that he squeals good. No, *sir!* there's some stuffing to this 'Farallone' racket, after all."

"Go it, Cap!" cried Huish. "Yoicks! Forrard! 'Old 'ard! There's your style for the money! Blow me if I don't prefer this to the hother."

"I do not understand," said Herrick. "I have to ask you to excuse me; I do not understand."

"Well, now, see here, Herrick," said Davis, "I'm going to have a word with you, anyway, upon a different matter, and it's good that Huish should hear it too. We're done with this boozing business, and we ask your pardon for it right here and now. We have to thank you for all you did for us while we were making hogs of ourselves. You'll find me turn to all right in future; and as for the wine, which I grant we stole from you, I'll take stock and see you paid for it. That's good enough, I believe. But what I want to point out to you is this. The old game was a risky game. The new game's as safe as running a Vienna bakery. We just put this 'Farallone' before the wind, and run till we're well to leeward of our port of departure, and reasonably well up with some other place where they have an American consul. Down goes the 'Farallone,' and good-by to her! A day or so in the boat; the consul packs us home, at Uncle Sam's expense, to Frisco; and if that merchant don't put the dollars down, you come to me!"

"But I thought—" began Herrick; and then broke out, "Oh, let's get on to Peru!"

"Well, if you're going to Peru for your health, I won't say no," replied the captain. "But for what other blame' shadow of a reason you should want to go there, gets me clear. We don't wan't to go there with this cargo. I don't know as old bottles is a lively article anywheres; leastways, I'll go my bottom cent it ain't in Peru. It was

always a doubt if we could sell the schooner; I never rightly hoped to, and now I'm sure she ain't worth a hill of beans. What's wrong with her, I don't know. I only know it's something, or she wouldn't be here with this truck in her inside. Then, again, if we lose her, and land in Peru, where are we? We can't declare the loss, or how did we get to Peru? In that case the merchant can't touch the insurance; most likely he'll go bust; and don't you think you see the three of us on the beach of Callao?"

"There's no extradition there," said Herrick.

"Well, my son, and we want to be extraded," said the captain. "What's our point? We want to have a consul extrade us as far as San Francisco and that merchant's office door. My idea is that Samoa would be found an eligible business centre. It's dead before the wind; the States have a consul there, and 'Frisco steamers call, so's we could skip right back and interview the merchant."

"Samoa?" said Herrick. "It will take us forever to get there."

"Oh, with a fair wind!" said the captain.

"No trouble about the log, eh?" asked Huish.

"No, *sir*," said Davis. "*Light airs and baffling winds. Squalls and calms. D. R.: five miles. No obs. Pumps attended.* And fill in the barometer and thermometer off of last year's trip. 'Never saw such a voyage,' says you to the consul. 'Thought I was going to run short——'" He stopped in mid-career. "Say," he began again, and once more stopped. "Beg your pardon, Herrick," he added with undisguised humility, "but did you keep the run of the stores?"

"Had I been told to do so, it should have been done, as the rest was done, to the best of my little ability," said Herrick. "As it was, the cook helped himself to what he pleased."

Davis looked at the table.

"I drew it rather fine, you see," he said at last. "The great thing was to clear right out of Papeete before the consul could think better of it. Tell you what: I guess I'll take stock."

And he rose from table, and disappeared with a lamp in the lazaretto.

"'Ere's another screw loose," observed Huish.

"My man," said Herrick, with a sudden gleam of animosity, "it is still your watch on deck, and surely your wheel also?"

"You come the 'eavy swell, don't you, ducky?" said Huish. "Stand away from that binnacle. Surely your w'eel, my man. Yah!"

He lit a cigar ostentatiously, and strolled into the waist with his hands in his pockets.

In a surprisingly short time the captain reappeared; he did not look at Herrick, but called Huish back and sat down.

"Well," he began, "I've taken stock—roughly." He paused, as if for somebody to help him out; and, none doing so, both gazing on him instead with manifest anxiety, he yet more heavily resumed: "Well, it won't fight. We can't do it; that's the bed-rock. I'm as sorry as what you can be, and sorrier. But the game's up. We can't look near Samoa. I don't know as we could get to Peru."

"Wot-ju mean?" asked Huish brutally.

"I can't most tell myself," replied the captain. "I drew it fine; I said I did; but what's been going on here gets me! Appears as if the devil had been around. That cook must be the holiest kind of a fraud. Only twelve days, too! Seems like craziness. I'll own up square to one thing: I seem to have figured too fine upon the flour. But the rest—my land! I'll never understand it! There's been more waste on this two-penny ship than what there is to an Atlantic Liner." He stole a glance at his companions; nothing good was to be gleaned from their dark faces; and he had recourse to rage. "You wait until I interview that cook!" he roared, and smote the table with his fist. "I'll interview the son of a gun as he's never been spoken to before. I'll put a head upon the ——!"

"You will not lay a finger on the man," said Herrick. "The fault is yours, and you know it. If you turn a

savage loose in your storeroom, you know what to expect. I will not allow the man to be molested."

It is hard to say how Davis might have taken this defiance, but he was diverted to a fresh assailant

"Well!" drawled Huish, "you're a plummy captain, ain't you? You're a blooming captain! Don't you set up any of your chat to me, John Dyvis. I know you now; you ain't any more use than a bloomin' dawl! Oh, you 'don't know,' don't you? Oh, it 'gets you,' do it? Oh, I dessay! W'y, weren't you 'owling for fresh tins every blessed day? 'Ow often 'ave I 'eard you send the 'ole bloomin' dinner off, and tell the man to chuck it in the swill-tub? And breakfast? Oh, my crickey! Breakfast for ten, and you 'ollerin' for more! And now you 'can't most tell!' Blow me if it ain't enough to make a man write an insultin' letter to Gawd! You dror it mild, John Dyvis. Don't 'andle me; I'm dyngerous."

Davis sat like one bemused; it might even have been doubted if he heard. But the voice of the clerk rang about the cabin like that of a cormorant among the ledges of the cliff.

"That will do, Huish," said Herrick.

"Oh, so you tyke his part, do you, you stuck-up, sneerin' snob? Tyke it, then. Come on, the pair of you. But as for John Dyvis, let him look out! He struck me the first night aboard, and I never took a blow yet but wot I gave as good. Let him knuckle down on his marrowbones and beg my pardon. That's my last word."

"I stand by the captain," said Herrick. "That makes us two to one, both good men; and the crew will all follow me. I hope I shall die very soon; but I have not the least objection to killing you before I go. I should prefer it so. I should do it with no more remorse than winking. Take care—take care, you little cad!"

The animosity with which these words were uttered was so marked in itself, and so remarkable in the man who uttered them, that Huish stared, and even the humiliated Davis reared up his head and gazed at his defender. As for Herrick, the successive agitations and disappointments of the day had left him wholly reckless; he was conscious of a pleasant glow, an agreeable excitement. His head seemed empty; his eyeballs burned as he turned them; his throat was dry as a biscuit. The least dangerous man by nature, except in so far as the weak are always dangerous, at that moment he was ready to slay or be slain, with equal unconcern.

Here, at least, was the gage thrown down, and battle offered. He who should speak next would bring the matter to an issue there and then. All knew it to be so and hung back; and for many seconds by the cabin clock the trio sat motionless and silent.

Then came an interruption, welcome as the flowers in May.

"Land ho!" sang out a voice on deck. "Land a weatha bow!"

"Land!" cried Davis, springing to his feet. "What's this? There ain't no land here."

And, as men may run from the chamber of a murdered corpse, the three ran forth out of the house, and left their quarrel behind them, undecided.

The sky shaded down at the sea level to the white of opals; the sea itself, insolently, inkily blue, drew all about them the uncompromising wheel of the horizon. Search it as they pleased, not even the practised eye of Captain Davis could descry the smallest interruption. A few filmy clouds were slowly melting overhead; and about the schooner, as around the only point of interest, a tropic bird, white as a snowflake, hung and circled, and displayed, as it turned, the long vermilion feather of its tail. Save the sea and the heaven, that was all.

"Who sang out land?" asked Davis. "If there's any boy playing funny-dog with me, I'll teach him skylarking!"

But Uncle Ned contentedly pointed to a part of the horizon where a greenish, filmy iridescence could be discerned, floating like smoke on the pale heavens.

Davis applied his glass to it, and then looked at the Kanaka. "Call that land?" said he. "Well, it's more than I do."

"One time, long ago," said Uncle Ned, "I see Anaa all-e-same that, four, five hours befo' we come up. Copena he say sun go down, sun go up again; he say lagoon all-e-same milla."

"All-e-same *what?*" asked Davis.

"Milla, sah," said Uncle Ned.

"Oh, ah! mirror," said Davis. "I see; reflection from the lagoon. Well, you know, it is just possible, though it's strange I never heard of it. Here, let's look at the chart."

They went back to the cabin, and found the position of the schooner well to windward of the archipelago, in the midst of a white field of paper.

"There! you see for yourselves," said Davis.

"And yet I don't know," said Herrick. "I somehow think there's something in it. I'll tell you one thing, too, captain: that's all right about the reflection; I heard it in Papeete."

"Fetch up that Findlay, then!" said Davis. "I'll try it all ways. An island wouldn't come amiss the way we're fixed."

The bulky volume was handed up to him, broken-backed, as is the way with Findlay; and he turned to the place, and began to run over the text, muttering to himself, and turning over the pages with a wetted finger.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "How's this?" and he read aloud: "*New Island.* According to M. Delille this island, which from private interests would remain unknown, lies, it is said, in latitude 12° 49′ 10″ south, longitude 133° 6′ west. In addition to the position above given, Commander Matthews, H. M. S. 'Scorpion,' states that an island exists in latitude 12° 0′ south, longitude 133° 16′ west. This must be the same, if such an island exists, which is very doubtful, and totally disbelieved in by South Sea traders."

"Golly!" said Huish.

"It's rather in the conditional mood," said Herrick.

"It's anything you please," cried Davis, "only there it is! That's our place, and don't you make any mistake."

"'Which from private interests would remain unknown,'" read Herrick, over his shoulder. "What may that mean?"

"It should mean pearls," said Davis. "A pearling-island the government don't know about. That sounds like real estate. Or suppose it don't mean anything. Suppose it's just an island; I guess we could fill up with fish, and cocoanuts, and native stuff, and carry out the Samoa scheme hand over fist. How long did he say it was before they raised Anaa? Five hours, I think."

"Four or five," said Herrick.

Davis stepped to the door. "What breeze had you that time you made Anaa, Uncle Ned?" said he.

"Six or seven knots," was the reply.

"Thirty or thirty-five miles," said Davis. "High time we were shortening sail, then. If it is an island, we don't want to be butting our head against it in the dark; and, if it isn't an island, we can get through it just as well by daylight. Ready about!" he roared.

And the schooner's head was laid for that elusive glimmer in the sky, which began already to pale in lustre and diminish in size, as the stain of breath vanishes from a window pane. At the same time she was reefed close down.

(To be continued.)

THE GLAMOUR OF THE ARCTIC

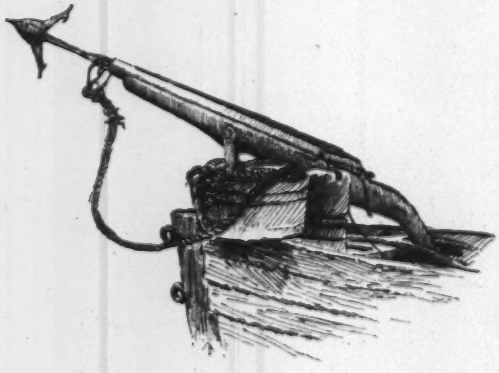
By A. Conan Doyle.

IT is a strange thing to think that there is a body of men in Great Britain, the majority of whom have never, since their boyhood, seen the corn in the fields. It is the case with the whale-fishers of Peterhead. They begin their hard life very early as boys or ordinary seamen, and from that time onward they leave home at the end of February, before the first shoots are above the ground, and return in September, when only the stubble remains to show where the harvest has been. I have seen and spoken with many an old whaling-man to whom a bearded ear of corn was a thing to be wondered over and preserved.

The trade which these men follow is old and honorable. There was a time when the Greenland seas were harried

by the ships of many nations, when the Basques and the Biscayens were the great fishers of whales, and when Dutchmen, men of the Hansa towns, Spaniards, and Britons, all joined in the great blubber hunt. Then one by one, as national energy or industrial capital decreased, the various countries tailed off, until, in the earlier part of this century, Hull, Poole, and Liverpool were three leading whaling-ports. But again the trade shifted its centre. Scoresby was the last of the great English captains, and from his time the industry has gone more and more north, until the whaling of Greenland waters came to be monopolized by Peterhead, which shares the sealing, however, with Dundee and with a fleet from Norway. But now, alas! the whaling appears to be upon its last legs; the Peterhead ships are seeking new outlets in the Antarctic seas, and a historical training-school of brave and hardy seamen will soon be a thing of the past.

It is not that the present generation is less persistent and skilful than its predecessors, nor is it that the Greenland whale is in danger of becoming extinct; but the true reason appears to be, that Nature, while depriving this unwieldy mass of blubber of any weapons, has given it in compensation a highly intelligent brain. That the whale entirely understands the mechanism of his own capture is beyond dispute. To swim backward and forward beneath a floe, in the hope of cutting the rope against the sharp edge of the ice, is a common device of the creature after being struck. By degrees, however, it has realized the fact that there are limits to the powers of its adversaries, and that by keeping far in among the icefields it may shake off the most intrepid of pursuers. Gradually the creature has deserted the open sea, and bored deeper and deeper among the ice barriers, until now, at last, it really appears to have reached inaccessible feeding grounds; and it is seldom, indeed, that the watcher in the crow's nest sees the high plume of spray and the broad black tail in the air which sets his heart a-thumping.



THE SWIVEL GUN.

But if a man have the good fortune to be present at a "fall," and, above all, if he be, as I have been, in the harpooning and in the lancing boat, he has a taste of sport which it would be ill to match. To play a salmon is a royal game, but when your fish weighs more than a suburban villa, and is worth a clear two thousand pounds; when, too, your line is a thumb's thickness of manilla rope with fifty strands, every strand tested for thirty-six pounds, it dwarfs all other experiences. And the lancing, too, when the creature is spent, and your boat pulls in to give it the *coup de grâce* with cold steel, that is also exciting! A hundred tons of despair are churning the waters up into a red foam; two great black fins are rising and falling like the sails of a windmill, casting the boat into a shadow as they

A PETERHEAD HARPOONER.

droop over it; but still the harpooner clings to the head, where no harm can come, and, with the wooden butt of the twelve-foot lance against his stomach, he presses it home until the long struggle is finished, and the black back rolls over to expose the livid, whitish surface beneath. Yet amid all the excitement—and no one who has not held an oar in such a scene can tell how exciting it is—one's sympathies lie with the poor hunted creature. The whale has a small eye, little larger than that of a bullock; but I cannot easily forget the mute expostulation which I read in one,

A PETERHEAD SEAMAN—BOAT-STEERER.

as it dimmed over in death within hand's touch of me. What could it guess, poor creature, of laws of supply and demand; or how could it imagine that when Nature placed an elastic filter inside its mouth, and when man discovered that the plates of which it was composed were the most pliable and yet durable things in creation, its death-warrant was signed?

Of course, it is only the one species, and the very rarest species, of whale which is the object of the fishery. The common rorqual or finner, largest of creatures upon this planet, whisks its eighty feet of worthless tallow round the whaler without fear of any missile more dangerous than a biscuit. This, with its good-for-nothing cousin, the hunchback whale, abounds in the Arctic seas, and I have seen their sprays on a clear day shooting up along the horizon like the smoke from a busy factory. A stranger sight still is, when looking over the bulwarks into the clear water, to see, far down, where the green is turning to black, the huge, flickering figure of a whale gliding under the ship. And then the strange grunting, soughing noise which they make as they come up, with something of the contented pig in it, and something of the wind in the chimney! Contented they well may be, for the finner has no enemies, save an occasional sword-fish; and Nature, which in a humorous mood has in the case of the right whale affixed the smallest of gullets to the largest of creatures, has dilated the swallow of its less valuable brother, so that it can have a merry time among the herrings.

The gallant seaman, who in all the books stands in the prow of a boat, waving a harpoon over his head, with the line snaking out into the air behind him, is only to be found now in Paternoster Row. The Greenland seas have not known him for more than a hundred years, since first the obvious proposition was advanced that one could shoot both harder and more accurately than one could throw. Yet one clings to the ideals of one's infancy, and I hope that another century may have elapsed before the brave fellow disappears from the frontispieces, in which he still throws his outrageous weapon an impossible distance. The swivel gun, like a huge horse-pistol, with its great oakum wad, and twenty-eight drams of powder, is a more reliable, but a far less picturesque object.

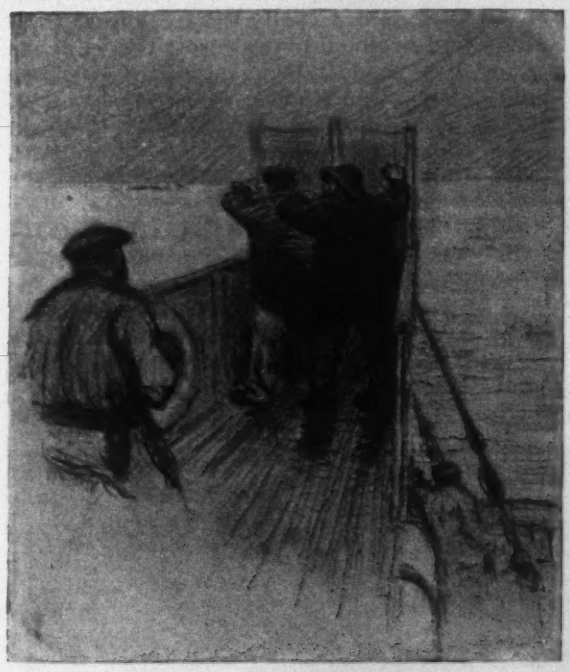
But to aim with such a gun is an art in itself, as will be seen when one considers that the rope is fastened to the neck of the harpoon, and that, as the missile flies, the downward drag of this rope must seriously deflect it. So difficult is it to make sure of one's aim, that it is the etiquette of the trade to pull the boat right on to the creature, the prow shooting up its soft, gently-sloping side, and the harpooner

firing straight down into its broad back, into which not only the four-foot harpoon, but ten feet of the rope behind it, will disappear. Then, should the whale cast its tail in the air, after the time-honored fashion of the pictures, that boat would be in evil case ; but, fortunately, when frightened or hurt, it does no such thing, but curls its tail up underneath it, like a cowed dog, and sinks like a stone. Then the bows splash back into the water, the harpooner hugs his own soul, the crew light their pipes and keep their legs apart, while the line runs merrily down the middle of the boat and over the bows. There are two miles of it there, and a second boat will lie alongside to splice on if the first should run short, the end being always kept loose for that purpose. And now occurs the one serious danger of whaling. The line has usually been coiled when it was wet, and as it runs out it is very liable to come in loops which whizz down the boat between the men's legs. A man lassoed in one of these nooses is gone, and fifty fathoms deep, before the harpooner has time to say, "Where's Jock?" Or if it be the boat itself which is caught, then down it goes like a cork on a trout-line, and the man who can swim with a whaler's high boots on is a swimmer indeed. Many a whale has had a Parthian revenge in this fashion. Some years ago a man was whisked over with a bight of rope round his thigh. "George, man, Alec's gone!" shrieked the boat-steerer, heaving up his axe to cut the line. But the harpooner caught his wrist. "Na, na, mun," he cried, "the oil money'll be a good thing for the widdie." And so it was arranged, while Alec shot on upon his terrible journey.

That oil money is the secret of the frantic industry of these seamen, who, when they do find themselves taking grease aboard, will work day and night, though night is but an expression up there, without a thought of fatigue. For the secure pay of officers and men is low indeed, and it is only by their share of the profits that they can hope to draw a good check when they return. Even the new-joined boy gets his shilling in the ton, and so draws an extra five pounds when a hundred tons of oil are brought back. It is practical socialism, and yet a less democratic

THE DECK OF A WHALER.

community than a whaler's crew could not be imagined. The captain rules the mates, the mates the harpooners, the harpooners the boat-steerers, the boat-steerers the line-coilers, and so on in a graduated scale which descends to the ordinary seaman, who, in his turn, bosses it over the boys. Every one of these has his share of oil money, and it may be imagined what a chill blast of unpopularity blows around the luckless harpooner who, by clumsiness or evil chance, has missed his whale. Public opinion has a terrorizing effect even in those little floating communities of fifty souls. I have known a grizzled harpooner burst into tears when he saw by his slack line that he had missed his mark, and Aberdeenshire seamen are not a very soft race either.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE WHALE.

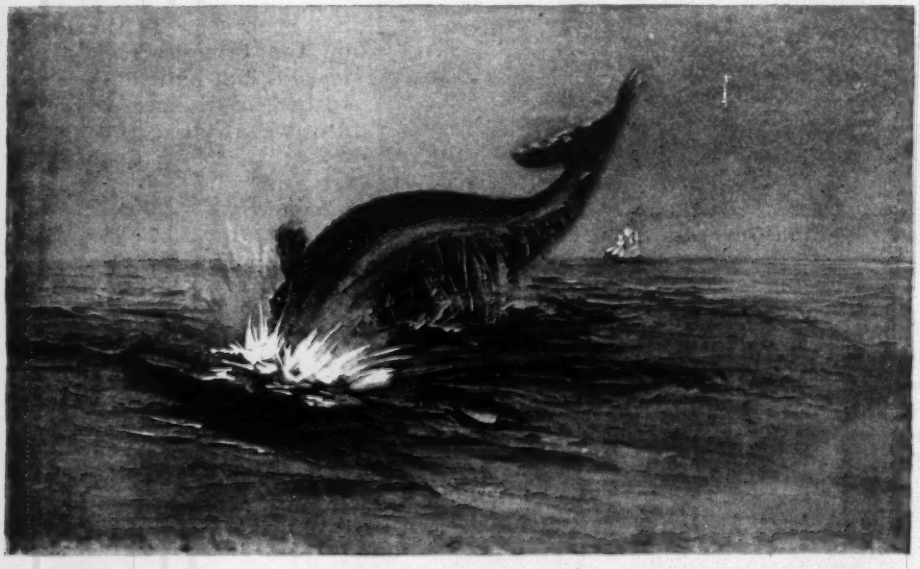
Though twenty or thirty whales have been taken in a single year in the Greenland seas, it is probable that the great slaughter of last century has diminished their number until there are not more than a few hundreds in existence. I mean, of course, of the right whale; for the others, as I have said, abound. It is difficult to compute the numbers of a species which comes and goes over great tracts of water and among huge icefields; but the fact that the same whale is often pursued by the same whaler upon successive trips shows how limited their number must be. There was one, I remember, which was conspicuous through having a huge wart, the size and shape of a beehive, upon one of the flukes of its tail. "I've been after that fellow three times," said the captain, as we dropped our boats. "He got away in '61. In '67 we had him fast, but the harpoon drew. In '76 a fog saved him. It's odds that we have him now!" I fancied that the betting lay rather the other way myself, and so it proved; for that warty tail is still thrashing the Arctic seas for all that I know to the contrary.

I shall never forget my own first sight of a right whale. It had been seen by the lookout on the other side of a small icefield, but had sunk as we all rushed on deck. For ten minutes we awaited its re-appearance, and I had taken my eyes from the place, when a general gasp of astonishment made me glance up, and there was the whale *in the air*. Its tail was curved just as a trout's is in jumping, and every bit of its glistening lead-colored body was clear of the water. It was little wonder that I should be astonished, for the captain, after thirty voyages, had never seen such a sight. On catching it, we discovered that it was very thickly covered with a red, crab-like parasite, about the size of a shilling, and we conjectured that it was the irritation of these creatures which had driven it wild. If a man had short, nailless flippers, and a prosperous family of fleas upon his back, he would appreciate the situation.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call it, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes, each part of the vast

body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth, the men hacking with axes, to slice away the ten-foot screens of bone, while others with sharp spades upon the back are cutting off the deep great-coat of fat in which kindly Nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, lies alongside, and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed. Some years ago, a man, still lingering upon the back, had the misfortune to have his foot caught between the creature's ribs, at the instant when the tackles were undone. Some æons hence those two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, may grace the museum of a subtropical Greenland, or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.

Apart from sport, there is a glamour about those circumpolar regions which



must affect everyone who has penetrated to them. My heart goes out to that old, gray-headed whaling-captain who, having been left for an instant when at death's door, staggered off in his night gear, and was found by his nurses far from his house, and still, as he mumbled, "pushing to the norrard." So an Arctic fox, which a friend of mine endeavored to tame, escaped, and was caught many months afterwards in a gamekeeper's trap in Caithness. It also was pushing "norrard," though who can say by what strange compass it took its bearings? It is a region of purity, of white ice, and of blue water, with no human dwelling within a thousand miles to sully the freshness of the breeze which blows across the icefields. And then it is a region of romance also. You stand on the very brink of the unknown, and every duck that you shoot bears pebbles in its gizzard which come from a land which the maps know not.

These whaling-captains profess to see no great difficulty in reaching the Pole. Some little margin must be allowed, no doubt, for expansive talk over a pipe and a glass, but still there is a striking unanimity in their ideas. Briefly they are these:

What bars the passage of the explorer as he ascends between Greenland and Spitzbergen is that huge floating ice-reef which scientific explorers have called "the palæocrystic sea," and the whalers, with more expressive Anglo-Saxon, "the barrier." The ship which has picked its way among the great ice-floes finds itself, somewhere

"GEORGE, MAN, ALEC'S GONE!"

about the eighty-first degree, confronted by a single mighty wall, extending right across from side to side, with no chink or creek up which she can push her bows. It is old ice, gnarled and rugged, and of an exceeding thickness, impossible to pass, and nearly impossible to travel over, so cut and jagged is its surface. Over this it was that the gallant Parry struggled with his sledges in 1827, reaching a latitude (about 82° 30′, if my remembrance is correct) which for a long time was the record. As far as he could see, this old ice extended right away to the Pole.

Such is the obstacle. Now for the whaler's view of how it may be surmounted.

This ice, they say, solid as it looks, is really a floating body, and at the mercy of the water upon which it rests. There is in those seas a perpetual southerly drift, which weakens the cohesion of the huge mass; and when, in addition to this, the prevailing winds happen to be from the north, the barrier is all shredded out, and great bays and gulfs appear in its surface. A brisk northerly wind, long continued, might at any time clear a road, and has, according to their testimony, frequently cleared a road, by which a

ship might slip through to the Pole. Whalers fishing as far north as the eighty-second degree have in an open season seen no ice, and, more important still, no reflection of ice in the sky to the north of them. But they are in the service of a company; they are there to catch whales, and there is no adequate inducement to make them risk themselves, their vessels, and their cargoes, in a dash for the north.

The matter might be put to the test without trouble or expense. Take a stout wooden gunboat, short and strong, with engines as antiquated as you like, if they be but a hundred horse-power. Man her with a sprinkling of Scotch and Shetland seamen from the Royal Navy, and let the rest of the crew be lads who must have a training-cruise in any case. For the first few voyages carry a couple of experienced ice-masters, in addition to the usual naval officers. Put a man like Markham in command. Then send this ship every June or July to inspect the barrier, with strict orders to keep out of the heavy ice unless there were a very clear water-way. For six years she might go in vain. On the seventh you might have an open season, hard, northerly winds, and a clear sea. In any case no expense or danger is incurred, and there could be no better training for young seamen. They will find the Greenland seas in summer much more healthy and pleasant than the Azores or Madeira, to which they are usually despatched. The whole expedition should be done in less than a month.

Singular incidents occur in those northern waters, and there are few old whalers who have not their queer yarn, which is sometimes of personal and sometimes of general interest. There is one which always appeared to me to deserve more attention than has ever been given to it. Some years ago, Captain David Gray of the "Eclipse," the *doyen* of the trade, and the representative, with his brothers John and Alec, of a famous family of whalers, was cruising far to the north, when he saw a large bird flapping over the ice. A boat was dropped, the bird shot, and brought aboard, but no man there could say what manner of fowl it was. Brought home, it was at once identified as being a half-grown albatross, and now stands in the Peterhead Museum, with a neat little label to that effect between its webbed feet.

Now the albatross is an Antarctic bird, and it is quite unthinkable that this solitary specimen flapped its way from the other end of the earth. It was young, and possibly giddy, but quite incapable of a wild outburst of that sort. What is the alternative? It must have been a *southern* straggler from some breed of albatrosses farther north. But if there is a different fauna farther north, then there must be a climatic change there. Perhaps Kane was not so far wrong after all in his surmise of an open Polar sea. It may be that that flattening at the poles of the earth, which always seemed to my childhood's imagination to have been caused by the finger and thumb of the Creator, when he held up this little planet before he set it spinning, has

SPLITTING WHALEBONE.

SCRAPING WHALEBONE.

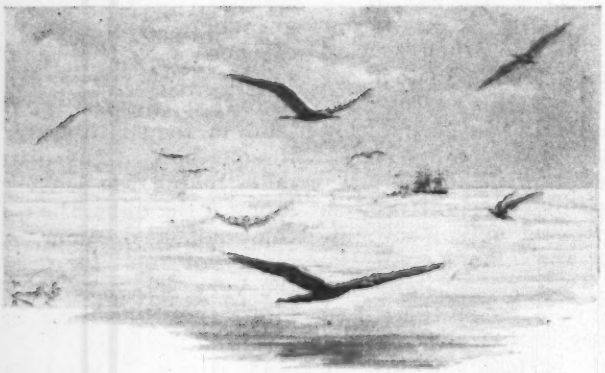
a greater influence on climate than we have yet ascribed to it. But if so, how simple would the task of our exploring ship become when a wind from the north had made a rift in the barrier!

There is little land to be seen during the seven months of a whaling-cruise. The strange solitary island of Jan Meyen may possibly be sighted, with its great snow-capped ex-volcano jutting up among the clouds. In the palmy days of the whale-fishing the Dutch had a boiling-station there, and now great stones with iron rings let into them and rusted anchors lie littered about in this absolute wilderness as a token of their former presence. Spitzbergen, too, with its black crags and its white glaciers, a dreadful looking place, may possibly be seen. I saw it myself, for the first and last time, in a sudden rift in the drifting wrack of a furious gale, and for me it stands as the very emblem of stern grandeur. And then towards the end of the season the whalers come south to the seventy-second degree, and try to bore in towards the coast of Greenland, in the south-eastern corner; and if you then, at the distance of eighty miles, catch the least glimpse of the loom of the cliffs, then, if you are anything of a dreamer, you will have plenty of food for dreams, for this is the very spot where one of the most interesting questions in the world is awaiting a solution.

Of course, it is a commonplace that when Iceland was one of the centres of civilization in Europe, the Icelanders budded off a colony upon Greenland, which throve and flourished, and produced sagas of its own, and waged war upon the Skraelings or Esquimaux, and generally sang and fought and drank

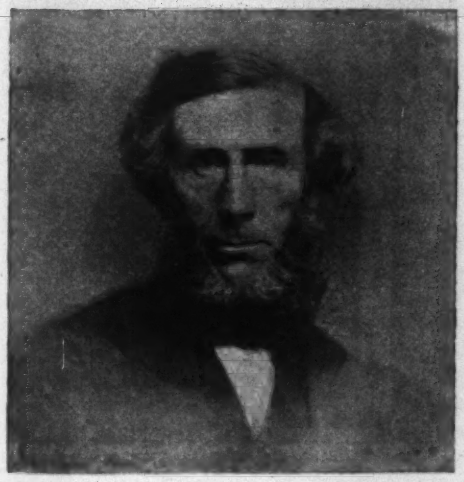
in the bad old, full-blooded fashion. So prosperous did they become, that they built them a cathedral, and sent to Denmark for a bishop, there being no protection for local industries at that time. The bishop, however, was prevented from reaching his see by some sudden climatic change which brought the ice down between Iceland and Greenland, and from that day (it was in the fourteenth century) to this no one has penetrated that ice, nor has it ever been ascertained what became of that ancient city, or of its inhabitants. Have they preserved some singular civilization of their own, and are they still singing and drinking and fighting, and waiting for the bishop from over the seas? Or have they been destroyed by the hated Skraelings? Or have they, as is more likely, amalgamated with them, and produced a race of tow-headed, large-limbed Esquimaux? We must wait until some Nansen turns his steps in that direction before we can tell. At present it is one of those interesting historical questions, like the fate of those Vandals who were driven by Belisarius into the interior of Africa, which are better unsolved. When we know everything about this earth, the romance and the poetry will all have been wiped away from it. There is nothing so artistic as a haze.

There is a good deal which I had meant to say about bears, and about seals, and about sea-unicorns, and sword-fish, and all the interesting things which combine to throw that glamour over the Arctic; but, as the genial critic is fond of remarking, it has all been said very much better already. There is one side of the Arctic regions, however, which has never had due attention paid to it, and that is the medical and curative side. Davos Platz has shown what cold can do in consumption, but in the life-giving air of the Arctic Circle no noxious germ can live. The only illness of any consequence which ever attacks a whaler is an explosive bullet. It is a safe prophecy, that before many years are past, steam yachts will turn to the north every summer, with a cargo of the weak-chested, and people will understand that Nature's ice-house is a more healthy place than her vapor-bath.



THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

By Herbert Spencer.

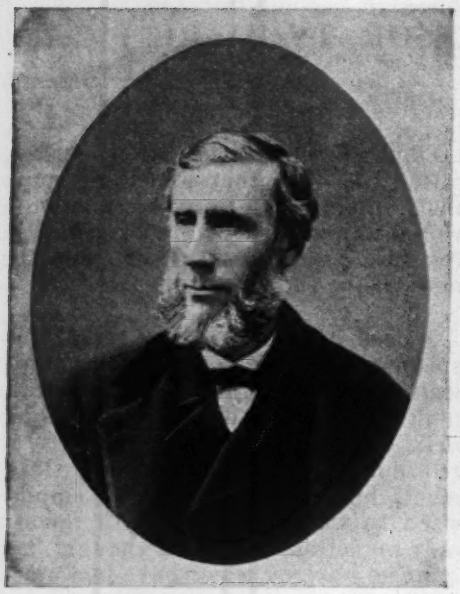


JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. 1865. AGE 45.

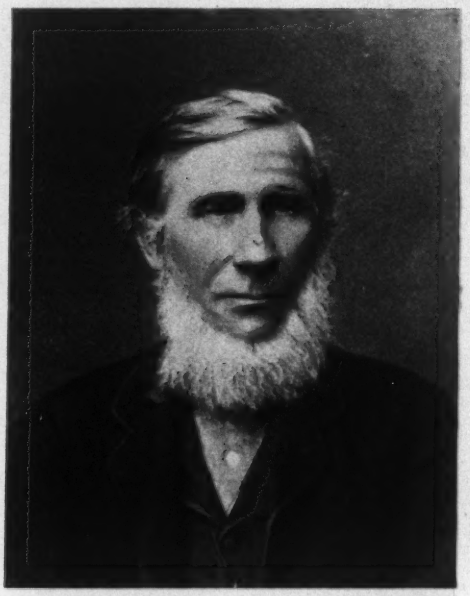
AMONG the various penalties entailed by ill-health, a not infrequent one is the inability to pay the last honors to a valued friend; and sometimes another is the undue postponement of such tribute to his memory as remains possible. Of both these evils I have just had experience.

It was, I think, in 1852 that Professor Tyndall gave at the Royal Institution the lecture by which he won his spurs: proving, as he then did, to Faraday himself, that he had been wrong in denying diamagnetic polarity. I was present at that lecture; and when introduced to him very shortly after it, there commenced one of those friendships which enter into the fabric of life and leave their marks. Though both had pronounced opinions about most things, and though neither had much reticence, the forty years which have elapsed since we first met witnessed no interruption of our cordial relations. Indeed, during recent years of invalid life suffered by both of us, the warmth of nature characteristic of him has had increased opportunity for manifesting itself. A letter from him, dated November 25th, inquiring my impressions concerning the climate of this place (St. Leonard's), raised the hope that something more than intercourse by correspondence would follow; but before I received a response to my reply there came the news of the sad catastrophe.

I need not dwell on the more conspicuous of Professor Tyndall's intellectual traits, for these are familiar to multitudes of readers. His copiousness of illustration, his closeness of reasoning, and his lucidity of statement, have been sufficiently emphasized by others. Here I will remark only on certain powers of thought, not quite so obvious, which have had much to do with his successes. Of these the chief is "the scientific use of the imagination." He has himself insisted upon the need for this, and his own career exemplifies it. There prevail, almost universally, very erroneous ideas concerning the nature of imagination. Superstitious peoples, whose folk-lore is full of tales of fairies and the like, are said to be imaginative; while nobody ascribes imagination to the inventor of a new machine. Were this conception of imagination the true one, it would imply that, whereas children and savages are largely endowed with it, and whereas it is displayed in a high degree by poets of the first order, it is deficient in those having intermediate types of mind. But, as rightly conceived, imagination is the power of mental representation, and is measured by the vividness and truth of this representation. So conceived, it is seen to distinguish not poets only, but men of science; for in them, too, "imagination bodies forth the forms [and actions] of things unknown." It does this in an equal, and sometimes even in a higher degree; for, strange as the assertion will seem to most, it is nevertheless true that the mathematician who discloses to us some previously unknown order of space-relations, does so by a greater effort of imagination



PROFESSOR TYNDALL IN 1872, DURING HIS VISIT TO AMERICA. AGE 52. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA, BROADWAY, N. Y.



PROFESSOR TYNDALL IN 1885. AGE 65. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KINGSBURY & NOTCUTT, LONDON.

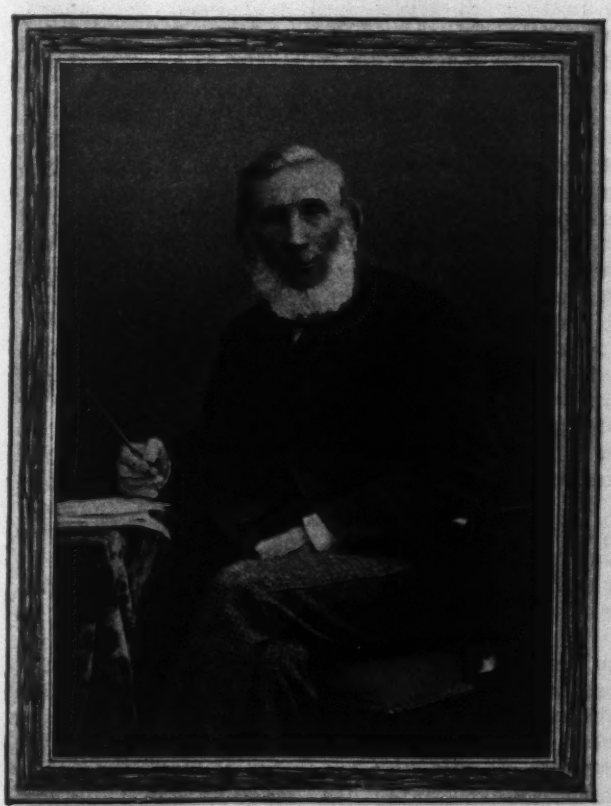
than is implied by any poetic creation. The difference lies in the fact that, whereas the imagination of the poet is exercised upon objects of human interest and his ideas glow with emotion, the imagination of the mathematician is exercised upon things utterly remote from human interest, and which excite no emotion: the contrasted appreciations of their respective powers being due to the circumstance that whereas people at large can follow, to a greater or less extent, the imaginations of the poet, the imaginations of the mathematician lie in a field inaccessible to them, and practically non-existent.

This constructive imagination (for we are not concerned with mere reminiscent imagination), here resulting in the creations of the poet and there in the discoveries of the man of science, is the highest of human faculties. With this faculty Professor Tyndall was largely endowed. In common with successful investigators in general, he displayed it in forming true conceptions of physical processes previously misinterpreted or uninterpreted; and, again, in conceiving modes by which the actual relations of the phenomena couid be demonstrated; and, again, in devising fit appliances to this end. But to a much greater extent than usual, he displayed constructive imagination in other fields. He was an excellent expositor; and good exposition implies much constructive imagination. A prerequisite is the forming of true ideas of the mental states of those who are to be taught; and a further prerequisite is the imagining of methods by which, beginning with conceptions they possess, there may be built up in their minds the conceptions they do not possess. Of constructive imagination as displayed in this sphere, men at large appear to be almost devoid; as witness the absurd systems of teaching which in past times, and in large measure at present, have stupefied, and still stupefy, children by presenting abstract ideas before they have any concrete ideas from which they can be drawn. Whether as lecturer or writer, Professor Tyndall carefully avoided this vicious practice.

In one further way was his constructive imagination exemplified. When at Queenwood College he not only took care to set forth truths in such ways, and in such order, that the comprehen-

sion of them developed naturally in the minds of those he taught—he did more: he practised those minds themselves in constructive imagination. He so presented his problems as to exercise their powers of investigation. He did not, like most teachers, make his pupils mere passive recipients, but made them active explorers.

As these facts imply, Professor Tyndall's thoughts were not limited to physics and allied sciences, but passed into psychology; and though this was not one of his topics, it was a subject of interest to him. Led as he was to make excursions into the science of mind, he was led also into that indeterminate region through which this science passes into the science of being; if we can call that a science of which the issue is nescience. He was much more conscious than physicists usually are, that every physical inquiry, pursued to the end, brings us down to metaphysics, and leaves us face to face with an insoluble problem. Sundry propositions which physicists include as lying within their domain, do not belong to physics at all, but are concerned with our cognitions of matter and force: a fact clearly shown by the controversy at present going on about the fundamentals of dynamics. But in him the consciousness that there here exists a door which, though open, science cannot pass through, if not always present, was ever ready to emerge. Not improbably his early familiarity with theological questions, given him by the controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism, which occupied his mind much during youth, may have had to do with this. But whatever its cause, the fact, as proved by various spoken and written words, was a belief that the known is surrounded by an unknown, which he recognized as something more than a negation. Men of science may be divided into two classes, of which the one, well exemplified in Faraday, keeping their science and their religion absolutely separate, are untroubled by any incongruities between them; and the other of which, occupying themselves exclusively with the facts of science, never ask what implications they have. Be it trilobite or be it double-star, their thought about it is much like the thought of Peter Bell about the primrose. Tyndall did not belong to either class; and of the last I have heard him speak with implied scorn.



PROFESSOR TYNDALL IN 1890. AGE 70. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON.

Being thus not simply a specialist but in considerable measure a generalist, willingly giving some attention to the organic sciences, if not largely acquainted with them, and awake to "the humanities," if not in the collegiate sense, yet in a wider sense—Tyndall was an

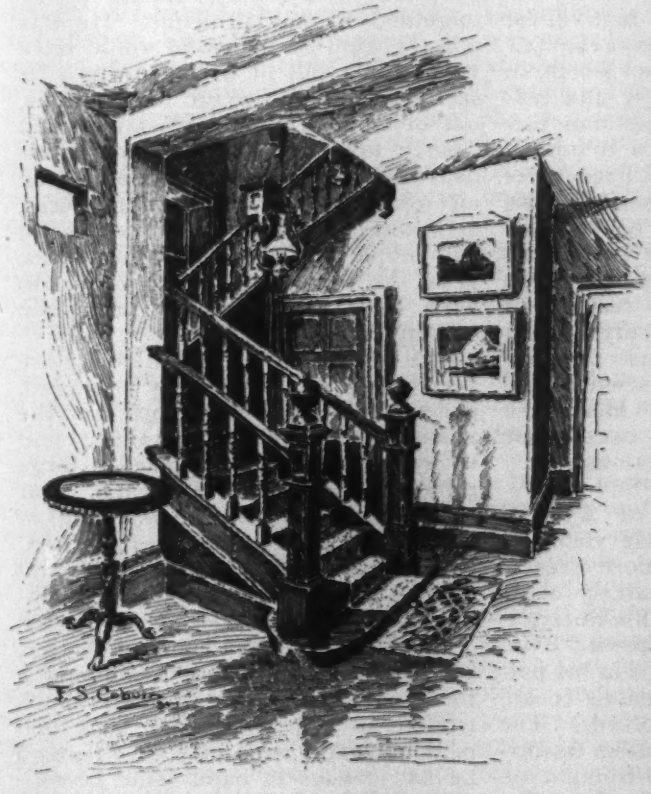
HINDHEAD HOUSE, PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ENGLISH HOME, WHERE HE DIED.

interesting companion; beneficially interesting to those with brains in a normal state, but to me injuriously interesting, as being too exciting. Twice I had experience of this. When, after an injury received while bathing in a Swiss mountain-stream, he was laid up for some time, and, on getting back to England, remained at Folkestone, I went down to spend a few days with him. "Do you believe in matter?" was a question which he propounded just as we were about to bid one another good-night after a day's continuous talking. Ever since a nervous breakdown in 1855, over my second book, talking has told upon me just as much as working, and has had to be kept within narrow limits; so that persistence in this kind of thing was out of the question, and I had to abridge my stay. Once more the like happened when, after the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, we adjourned to the Lakes. Gossip, which may be carried on without much intellectual tax, formed but a small element in our conversation. There was almost unceasing discussion as we rambled along the shores of Windermere, or walked up to Rydal Mount (leaving our names in the visitors' book), or as we were being rowed along Grasmere, or when climbing Loughrig on our way back. Tyndall's intellectual vivacity gave me no rest; and after two utterly sleepless nights I had to fly.

I do not think that on these occasions, or on any occasion, politics formed one of our topics. Whether this abstention resulted by accident, or whether from perception that we should disagree, I cannot say—possibly the last. Our respective leanings may be in part inferred from our respective attitudes towards Carlyle. To me, profoundly averse to autocracy, Carlyle's political doctrines had ever been repugnant. Much as I did, and still do, admire his marvellous style and the vigor, if not the truth, of his thought—so much so that I always enjoy any writing of his, however much I disagree with it—intercourse with him soon proved impracticable. Twice or thrice, in 1851–52, I was taken to see him by Mr. G. H. Lewes; but I soon found that the alternatives were—listening in silence to his dogmas, sometimes absurd, or getting into a hot argument with him, which ended in our glaring at one another; and as I did not like either alternative I ceased to go. With Tyndall, however, the case seems to have been different—possibly because of greater tolerance of his political creed and his advocacy of personal government. The rule of the strong hand was not, I fancy, as repellent to Tyndall as to me; and, indeed, I suspect that, had occasion offered, he would not have been reluctant to exercise such rule himself. Though his sympathies were such as made him anxious for others' welfare, they did not take the direction of anxiety for others' freedom as the means to their welfare; and hence he was, I suppose, not in pronounced antagonism with Carlyle on these matters. But diver-

gent as our beliefs and sentiments were in earlier days, there has been in recent days mutual approximation. A conversation with him some years since, made it manifest that personal experience had greatly shaken the faith he previously had in public administrations, and made him look with more favor on the view of state functions held by me. On the other hand, my faith in free institutions, originally strong (though always joined with the belief that the maintenance and success of them is a question of popular character), has in these later years been greatly decreased by the conviction that the fit character is not possessed by any people, nor is likely to be possessed for ages to come. A nation of which the legislators vote as they are bid, and of which the workers surrender their rights of selling their labor as they please, has neither the ideas nor the sentiments needed for the maintenance of liberty. Lacking them, we are on the way back to the rule of the strong hand in the shape of the bureaucratic despotism of a socialist organization, and then of the military despotism which must follow it; if, indeed, some social crash does not bring this last upon us more quickly. Had we recently compared notes, I fancy that Tyndall and I should have found ourselves differing but little in our views concerning the proximate social state, if not of the ultimate social state.

In the sketch he has recently given of our late friend, who was one of the small group known as the "X Club," Professor Huxley has given some account of that body. Further particulars may not unfitly be added; one of which may come better from me than from him. The impression that the club exercised influence in the scientific world (not wholly without basis, I think) was naturally produced by such knowledge as there eventually arose of its composition. For it contained four presidents of the British Association, three presidents of the Royal Society, and among its members who had not filled these highest posts there were presidents of the College of Surgeons, the Mathematical Society, the Chemical Society, etc. Out of the nine I was the only one who was fellow of no society, and had presided over nothing. I speak in the past tense, for now, unhappily, the number of members is reduced to five, and of these only three are in good health. There has been no meeting for the past year, and it seems scarcely likely that there will ever be another. But the detail of most interest which Professor Huxley has not given, concerns a certain supplementary meeting which, for many years, took place after the close of our

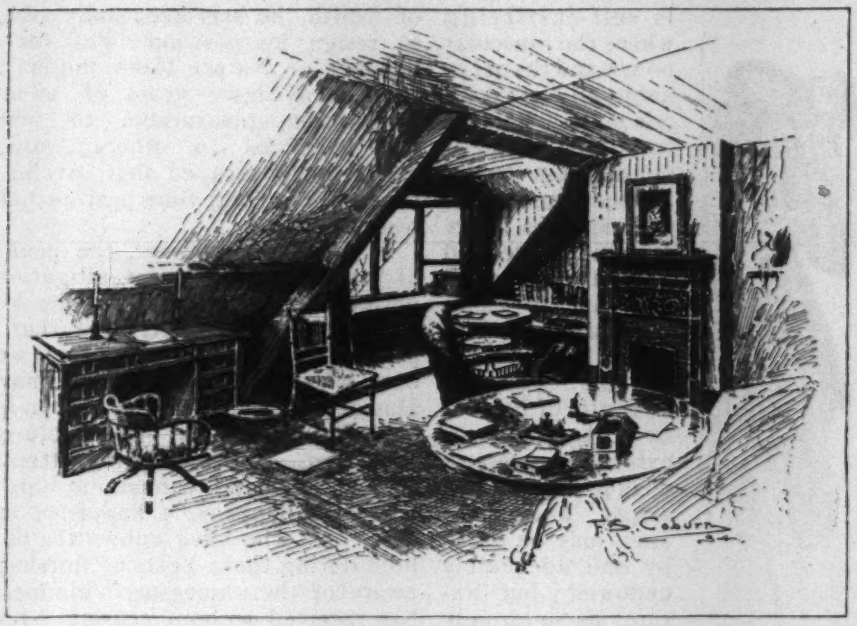


THE HALL IN HINDHEAD HOUSE.

session. This lasted from October in each year to June in the next, and toward the close of June we had a gathering in the country to which the married members brought their wives: raising the number on some occasions to fifteen. Our programme was to leave town early on Saturday afternoon, in time for a ramble or a boating excursion before dinner; to have on the Sunday a picnic in some picturesque place adjacent to our temporary quarters; and, after dinner that evening, for some to return to town, while those with less pressing engagements remained until the Monday morning. Two of our picnics were held under Burnham Beeches, one or more on St. George's Hill, Weybridge, and another in Windsor Forest. As our spirits in those days had not been subdued by years, and as we had the added pleasure of ladies' society, these gatherings were extremely enjoyable. If Tyndall did not add to the life of our party by his wit, he did by his hilarity. But my special motive for naming these rural meetings of the "X" is that I may mention a fact which, to not a few, will be surprising and perhaps instructive. We sometimes carried with us to our picnic a volume of verse, which was duly utilized after the repast. On one occasion, while we reclined under the trees of Windsor Forest, Huxley read to us Tennyson's "Œnone," and on another occasion we listened to Tyndall's reading of Mrs. Browning's poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The vast majority of people suppose that science and poetry are antagonistic. Here is a fact which may, perhaps, cause some of them to revise their opinions.

From the impressions of Tyndall which these facts indirectly yield, let me return to impressions more directly yielded. Though it is scarcely needful to say anything about his sincerity, yet it cannot properly be passed over, since it was a leading trait in his nature. It has been conspicuous to all, alike in his acts and his words. The Belfast address to the British Association exhibited his entire thought on questions which most men of science pass over from prudential considerations. But in him there was no spirit of compromise. It never occurred to him to ask what it was politic to say, but simply to ask what was true. The like has of late years been shown in his utterances concerning political matters —shown, it may be, with too great an outspokenness. This outspokenness was displayed, also, in private, and sometimes perhaps too much displayed; but everyone must have the defects of his qualities, and where absolute sincerity exists, it is certain now and then to cause an expression of a feeling or opinion not adequately restrained. But the contrast in genuineness between him and the average citizen was very conspicuous. In a community of Tyndalls (to make a wild supposition) there would be none of that flabbiness characterizing current thought and action—no throwing overboard of principles elaborated by painful experience in the past, and adoption of a hand-to-mouth policy unguided by any principle. He was not the kind of man who would have voted for a bill or a clause which he secretly believed would be injurious, out of what is euphemistically called "party loyalty," or would have endeavored to bribe each section of the electorate by *ad captandum* measures, or would have hesitated to protect life and property for fear of losing votes. What he saw right to do he would have done, regardless of proximate consequences.

The ordinary tests of generosity are very defective. As rightly measured, generosity is great in proportion to the amount of self-denial entailed; and where ample means are possessed large gifts often entail no self-denial. Far more self-denial may be involved in the performance, on another's behalf, of some act which requires time and labor. In addition to generosity under its ordinary form, which Professor Tyndall displayed in unusual degree, he displayed it under a less common form. He was ready to take much trouble to help friends. I have had personal experience of this. Though he had always in hand some investigation of great interest to him, and



PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S STUDY, HINDHEAD HOUSE.

though, as I have heard him say, when he had bent his mind to a subject he could not with any facility break off and resume it again, yet, when I have sought his scientific aid—information or critical opinion—I never found the slightest reluctance to give me his undivided attention. Much more markedly, however, was this kind of generosity shown in another direction. Many men, while they are eager for appreciation, manifest little or no appreciation of others, and still less go out of their way to express it. With Tyndall it was not thus : he was eager to recognize achievement. Notably in the case of Faraday, and less notably, though still conspicuously, in many cases, he has bestowed much labor and sacrificed many weeks in setting forth others' merits. It was evidently a pleasure to him to dilate on the claims of fellow-workers.

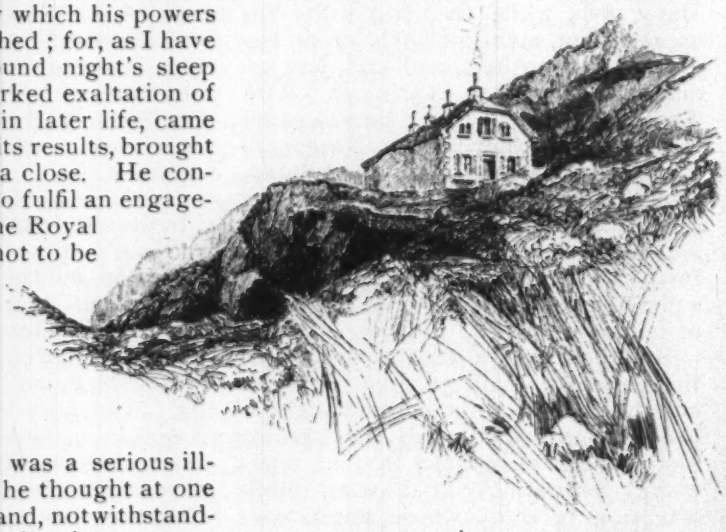
But there was a derivative form of this generosity calling for still greater eulogy. He was not content with expressing appreciation of those whose merits were recognized, but he spent energy unsparingly in drawing public attention to those whose merits were unrecognized ; and time after time, in championing the causes of such, he was regardless of the antagonisms he aroused and the evils he brought on himself. This chivalrous defence of the neglected and the ill-used has been, I think, by few, if any, so often repeated. I have myself more than once benefited by his determination, quite spontaneously shown, that justice should be done in the apportionment of credit ; and I have with admiration watched like actions of his in other cases—cases in which no consideration of nationality or of creed interfered in the least with his insistence on equitable distribution of honors.

In thus undertaking to fight for those who were unfairly dealt with, he displayed in another direction that very conspicuous trait which, as displayed in his Alpine feats, has made him to many persons chiefly known—I mean courage, passing very often into daring. And here let me, in closing this sketch, indicate certain mischiefs which this trait brought upon him. Courage grows by success. The demonstrated ability to deal with dangers produces readiness to meet more dangers, and

THE PROFESSOR'S ALPINE PARAPHERNALIA.

is self-justifying where the muscular power and the nerve habitually prove adequate. But the resulting habit of mind is apt to influence conduct in other spheres, where muscular power and nerve are of no avail—is apt to cause the daring of dangers which are not to be met by strength of limb or by skill. Nature as externally presented in precipices, ice-slopes, and crevasses may be dared by one adequately endowed; but Nature as internally presented in the form of physical constitution, may not be thus dared with impunity. Prompted by high motives, Tyndall tended too much to disregard the protests of his body. Over-application in Germany caused at one time absolute sleeplessness for, I think he told me, more than a week; and this, with kindred transgressions, brought on that insomnia by which his after-life was troubled, and by which his powers of work were diminished; for, as I have heard him say, a sound night's sleep was followed by marked exaltation of faculty. And then, in later life, came the daring which, by its results, brought his active career to a close. He conscientiously desired to fulfil an engagement to lecture at the Royal Institution, and was not to be deterred by fear of consequences. He gave the lecture, notwithstanding the protest which for days before his system had been making. The result was a serious illness, threatening, as he thought at one time, a fatal result; and, notwithstanding a year's furlough for the recovery of health, he was eventually obliged to resign his position. But for this defiance of Nature there might have been many more years of scientific exploration, pleasurable to himself and beneficial to others; and he might have escaped that invalid life which for a long time past he had to bear.

In his case, however, the penalties of invalid life had great mitigations—mitigations such as fall to the lot of but few. It is conceivable that the physical discomforts and mental weariness which ill-health brings, may be almost compensated, if not even quite compensated, by the pleasurable emotions caused by unflagging attentions and sympathetic companionship. If this ever happens, it happened in his case. All who have known the household during these years of nursing are aware of the unmeasured kindness he has received without ceasing. I happen to have had special evidence of this devotion on the one side and gratitude on the other, which I do not think I am called upon to keep to myself, but rather to do the contrary. In a letter I received from him some half-dozen years ago, referring, among other things, to Mrs. Tyndall's self-sacrificing care of him, he wrote: "She has raised my ideal of the possibilities of human nature."



PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S COTTAGE IN THE ALPS.